Glen. 158a.

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28th January 1927.

SCOTTISH

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC

BALLADS.

Glen 158a

SCOTTISH

HISTORICAL AND ROMANTIC

BALLADS,

CHIEFLY ANCIENT;

WITH

EXPLANATORY NOTES AND A GLOSSARY.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

SOME REMARKS ON THE EARLY STATE OF ROMANTIC COMPOSITION IN SCOTLAND:

BY

JOHN FINLAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by James Ballantyne & Co.

FOR JOHN SMITH AND SON, GLASGOW; WILLIAM CREECH, AND ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO. EDINBURGH; WILLIAM MILLER, CADELL AND DAVIES, LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, AND JOHN MURRAY, LONDON.

1808.

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JAMIE DOUGLAS.

THIS Lament, which is supposed to be delivered by the heroine in person, was composed, I apprehend, on the wife of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, the unfortunate regent of Scotland. "Of his (Morton's) marriage we have told before, how he was married to ——— Douglas his wife, and daughter to the Earl of Morton. She bare to him diverse children, (ten as is reported,) but none of them lived long, but died all young, ere they came to perfect age. She herself became distracted of her wits, and would not company with her husband, alledging he was not

her husband, but that he was Master Archibald Douglas, who was brother to William Douglas of Whittinghame; that her husband was dead, and that Master Archibald Douglas had killed him. She was kept and entertained by him as became her place, and had her residence at Tantallon; but he, being deprived of her company, loosed the rains (reins) to others, and begat three natural children." HUME *of Godscroft*, p. 278.

Morton's incontinence was indeed so notorious, that it was one of the charges exhibited against him on his trial; and so far from denying any part of it, he answered, "Amongst all the other sinners, I confesse myself to be one of the gretest and filthiest abusers of my bodie in the pleasures of the flesh." HOLINSHED. *Exam. and Answers of Mortone.*

I have collated three MS. copies of this ballad for the present edition. A fragment, consisting of four stanzas, first made its appearance

in Herd's Collection. It is scarcely necessary to add, that it, in common with most others, is very incorrect in many circumstances of the story. The fourth stanza, with little variation, is said by Dr Percy (*Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 144.) to belong to some editions of the fine Scottish dirge, "*O waly waly up the bank.*"

JAMIE DOUGLAS.

WHEN I fell sick, an' very sick,
An' very sick, just like to die,
A gentleman of good account
He cam on purpose to visit me;
But his blackie whispered in my lord's ear,
He was owre lang in the room wi' me.

"Gae, little page, an' tell your lord,
Gin he will come and dine wi' me,
I'll set him on a chair of gold,
And serve him on my bended knee."

The little page gaed up the stair,—
" Lord Douglas, dine wi' your ladie,
She'll set ye on a chair of gold,
And serve you on her bended knee."

" When cockle shells turn silver bells,
When wine drieps * red frae ilka tree,
When frost and snaw will warm us a',
Then I'll cum down an' dine wi' thee."

But whan my father gat word o' this,
O what an angry man was he!
He sent fourscore o' his archers bauld
To bring me safe to his countrie.

When I rose up then in the morn,
My goodly palace for to lea',
I knocked at my lord's chamber door,
But ne'er a word wad he speak to me.

But slowly, slowly, rose he up,
And slowly, slowly, cam he down,
And when he saw me set on my horse,
He caused his drums and trumpets soun

* *Drieps*, drops.

" Now fare ye weel, my goodly palace,
And fare ye weel, my children three;
God grant your father grace to love you,
Far more than ever he loved me."

He thocht that I was like himsel,
That had a woman in every hall;
But I could swear by the heavens clear,
I never loved man but himsel.

As on to Embro' town we cam,
My guid father he welcomed me;
He caused his minstrels meet to sound,
—It was nae music at a' to me.

" Now haud your tongue, my daughter dear,
Leave off your weeping, let it be,
For Jamie's divorcement I'll send over,
Far better lord I'll provide for thee."

" O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And of such talking let me be;
For never a man shall come to my arms,
Since my lord has sae slighted me."

O an' I had ne'er crossed Tweed,
Nor yet been owre the river Dee,
I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's gate,
Where I wad hae been a gay ladie.

The ladies they will cum to town,
And they will cum and visit me,
But I'll set me down now in the dark,
For ochanie! * who'll comfort me?

An' wae betide ye, black Fastness!
Ay, and an ill deid may ye die;
Ye was the first and foremost man
Wha parted my true lord and me.

* *Ochanie*, alas!

NOTES

ON

JAMIE DOUGLAS.

But his blackie *whispered in my lord's ear.*

P. 4. v. 1.

One copy here bears *black-bird,* and another a *fause bird.* The blackie, or black servant, seems, however, the most likely agent of the three. One of the Bartons, so much celebrated in the naval history of Scotland, was the first, I believe, who introduced *blacks* into Scotland, from the capture of a Portuguese vessel.

I might hae staid at Lord Orgul's *gate.*

P. 7. v. 13.

This name is differently given by reciters. I have been able to discover nothing of him in history. It should perhaps be Orkney, or Roxbrough; to the castle of the last of which, Froissart's translator gives the strange appellation of Castell Orgulus. It did not, however, at this period, give a title to the family of

Ker. Mr Ritson indeed conjectures, that Ogle castle is meant, and that Froissart, confounding Ogle with Orgueil, may have created his imaginary "*Chastell Orgueilleux*;" but had that acute critic reflected on the affectation of foreigners, and more particularly of French writers, in distorting the proper names of this country, he would perhaps have formed a different opinion. From this affectation, Froissart has rendered some parts of his narrative nearly unintelligible; who, for instance, would expect, that by *Estermelyne* was meant *Stirling*, or that *Therle Dastredure* was *the Earl of Strathern*? —See Ritson's *L. Minot*. pp. 140. 179.

THE

BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.

A DIFFERENT BALLAD FROM THAT IN VOL. I.

"But to leave the matters of the church for a while; whereas the king did think that all was quiet, and Bothwell so weakened, as he could not make any trouble, (for Bacleugh, his son-in-law, was by licence gone into France, and all the gentlemen of the south parts, who were of any worth, had given surety to have no medling with him,) there were found in the court itself instruments apt enough to serve his

turn. For of the Duke of Lennox his retinue, some that envied the chancellor's credit with the king, and others whose hopes wholly depended upon the trouble of the state, did, by secret messages, incite Bothwell to enterprise somewhat for himself, offering to bring him within the king's palace unperceived, where, with a few hands, he might make himself master of the king and all the court. Bothwell is easily drawn to condescend; and the conspiracy so ordered, that he, with his followers, should under night be let in at a back passage that lay through the lord duke his stables; and first they should seize upon the gates, take the keys from the porter, and go after that to the king's chamber, and make him sure. Within the palace were divers privy to the conspiracy, especially Colonell William Stewart, John Neswith (Nesmith), chirurgeon to the king, and James Dowglas of Spot, who was brought to take part in that enterprize by this occasion: Some days

before, it happened George Home of Spot, his father-in-law, to be killed by certain Mersemen of the surname of Home and Craw. Sir George Home, nephew to Spot, and one of the masters of the king's esquiry, did charge James Dowglas as author, or accessary to the murther, because of a fear he had conceived, that his father-in-law should, by a new right, possess his nephew, Sir George, in some part of the lands to which he had right by his marriage; upon this suspicion, three of his servants were apprehended and detained prisoners within the palace, till they should be tryed by torture. The chancellor, on whom James Dowglas depended, laboured all he could to free his servants from that extraordinary form of trial; but the presumptions being pregnant, the king would have them to be tortured; which when Spot understood, and saw that the same would not be eschewed, he thrusts himself desperately in

the action, which but a few hours before was communicated to him by one of the associates.

"This fell out happily for the king; and it was it that marred the whole conspiracy; for when Bothwell and his company had entered by the way named, and was come to the inner court of the palace, James Dowglas, that minded nothing but the relief of his servants, drew a number to break open the doors where they were detained, and by the noise thereof, all the palace were put upon their guard. The king was then at supper; and being told, that armed men were in the nether court, leaving the rooms wherein he lodged, went up to the tower as to a place of greater surety. Bothwell having directed some to enclose the chancellor's lodgings, lest he should escape, made towards the queen's rooms, where he expected to find entry, and perceiving all shut upon, called to bring fire. But ere they could find any, Sir James

Sandilands, one of his majestie's chamber, who had supped without the palace, with a number of the people of Edinburgh, entring by the church of Halirud-house, did beat him from the doors, and was in possibility to have taken them all, if there had been any lights; but those being all extinguished, Bothwell, with the principals of his company, made shift in the dark, and escaped, returning by the same way that he entred; in his outgoing he was encountered by a gentleman of the esquiry, named John Shaw, whom he killed with a pistoll, yet lost some nine of his followers, men of small note, who were executed the next morning.

" The enterprize thus defeated, Bothwell went into the north, looking to be supplyed by the Earl of Murray, his cousen-germane; which the king suspecting, Andrew, Lord Ochiltre, was sent to bring Murray into the south, of purpose to work a reconcilement betwixt him and Huntly. But a rumour being raised in the

mean while, that the Earl of Murray was seen in the palace with Bothwell on the night of the enterprize, the same was entertained by Huntly (who waited then at court) to make him suspected of the king, and prevailed so far, as he did purchase a commission to apprehend and bring Murray to his trial. The nobleman, not fearing that any such course should be used, was come to Dunybirsile, a house situated on the north side of Forth, and belonging to his mother, the Lady Downe; Huntly being advertised of his coming, and how he lay there secure, accompanied onely with the sheriffe of Murray, and a few of his own retinue, went thither and beset the house, requiring him to render. The Earl of Murray refusing to put himself in the hands of his enemy, after some defence made, wherein the sheriffe was killed, fire was set to the house, and they within forced, by the violence of the smoak and flame, to come forth. The earl stayed a great space

after the rest, and the night falling down, ventured among his enemies, and breaking through the midst of them, did so farre out-run them all, as they supposed he was escaped; yet searching him among the rocks, he was discovered by the tip of his head-peece, which had taken fire before he left the house, and unmercifully slain. The report went, that Huntlie's friends fearing he should disclaim the fact, (for he desired rather to have taken him alive,) made him light from his horse, and give some stroaks to the dead corps. This done, Gordon of Buckie was dispatched to advertise the king what had happened, and Huntly himself took journey northwards, in such haste, as he left Captain Gordon, his cousin, that was lying on the ground wounded, behind him. This captain was brought next day to Edinburgh, and publickly executed.

"The death of this nobleman was universally lamented; and the clamours of the people so

great, especially against the chancellor, upon whom all the blame was laid, that the king, not esteeming it safe to abide at Edinburgh, removed with the councell to Glasgow, where he remained untill Huntly did enter himself in ward in Blackness, as he was charged. But he stayed not there many dayes, being dimitted upon caution to answer before the justice whensoever he should be called. The corps of the Earl and Sheriffe of Murrey were brought to the church of Leith in two coffines, and there lay diverse moneths unburied, their friends refusing to commit their bodies to the earth till the slaughter was punished. Nor did any man think himself so much interested in that fact as the Lord Ochiltry,* who had perswaded the Earl of Murray to come south, whereupon he

* In the ballad of "Young Logie" this nobleman is sometimes by reciters given as the hero. That both of these personages had been *warded* for their connection with Bothwell, is an easy solution of the difficulty.

fell afterwards away to Bothwell, and joyned with him for revenge of the murther."

The above account of the transaction is extracted from Archbishop Spotswood's "History of the Church of Scotland." It had not occurred to me until the former ballad in Vol. I. was printed off; but it appeared to me, together with the connecting circumstance of Bothwell's treasonable attempt on the person of his sovereign, so satisfactory and interesting, that I willingly give it a place here. There is yet another contemporary narration in Calderwood; but enough has already been said on the subject. *

There is an inscription on the unfortunate earl in JONSTON's "*Heroes Scoti.*"

The present ballad, which, as well as the other, I suspect to be coeval with the event it

* The printed copies of CALDERWOOD's *History* are a mere abstract of the MS., a complete one of which is preserved in the library of the university of Glasgow.

celebrates, was taken down from recitation. Owing to the same peculiarity of the measure of both, a suspicion arises that they may at one period have been united. It is singular, that they are likewise both of them dramatic in their structure.

THE

BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.

OPEN the gates,
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm.

The gates they were opent,
They let him come in,
But fause traitor Huntly
He did him great harm.

He's ben* and ben,
And ben to his bed,
And with a sharp rapier
He stabbed him dead.

The lady came down the stair
Wringing her hands,
" He has slain the Earl o' Murray
The flower o' Scotland."

But Huntly lap† on his horse,
Rade to the king,
" Ye're welcome hame Huntly,
And whare hae ye been?

" Whare hae ye been?
And how hae ye sped?"
" I've killed the Earl o' Murray
Dead in his bed."

" Foul fa' you, Huntly,
And why did ye so;
You might hae ta'en the Earl o' Murray,
And saved his life too."

* *Ben*, farther in. † *Lap*, leapt.

" Her bread its to bake,
  Her yill is to brew,
My sister's a widow,
  And sair do I rue.

" Her corn grows ripe,
  Her meadows grow green,
But in bonny Dinnibristle
  I darena be seen."

THE

BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.

THE circumstance which gave rise to the following, it must be confessed, indifferent piece of composition, is distinctly narrated by Spalding. From the coincidence of the names of Charles the Second and of Prince Charles, usually styled the Pretender, as well as the unshaken and persevering attachment of the gallant house of Ogilvy to both of these chiefs in their sufferings, the ballad has been generally but erroneously supposed to refer to the last un-

fortunate attempt of the Stuart family; the following extract will, however, sufficiently correct this mistake:

"The Earl of Airly went from home to England, fearing the troubles of the land, and that he should be pressed to subscribe the Covenant, whether he would or not, whilk by fleeing the land he resolved to eschew as well as he could, and left his eldest son, the Lord Ogilvie, a brave young nobleman, behind him at home. The estates or tables hearing of his departure, directed the Earls of Montrose and Kinghorn to go to the place of Airly, and to take in the same, and for that effect to carry cartows with them; who went and summoned the Lord Ogilvie to render the house, (being an impregnable strength by nature, well manned with all sort of munition and provision necessary,) who answered, his father was absent, and he left no such commission with him as to render his house to any subjects, and that he would de-

fend the samen to his power, till his father returned from England. There were some shots shot the house, and same from the house; but the assailants finding the place unwinnable, by nature of great strength, without great skaith, left the place without meikle loss on either side; then departed therefrae in June.

"Now the committee of estates finding no contentment in this expedition, and hearing how their friends of the name of Forbes, and others in the country, were daily injured and opprest by Highland lymmers, broken out of Lochaber, Clangregor out of Brae of Athol, Brae of Mar, and divers other places, therefore they gave order to the Earl of Argyle to raise men out of his own country, and first to go to Airly and Furtour, two of the Earl of Airly's principal houses, and to take in and destroy the same, and next to go upon thir lymmers and punish them; likeas, conform to his order, he raises an army of about five thousand men, and

marches towards Airly; but the Lord Ogilvie hearing of his coming with such irresistible force, resolves to flee and leave the house manless; and so for their own safety they wisely fled; but Argyle most cruelly and inhumanely enters the house of Airly, and beats the same to the ground, and right sua he does to Furtour, syne spoiled all within both houses, and such as could not be carried (away,) they masterfully brake down and destroyed. Thereafter they fall to his ground, plundered, robbed, and took away from himself, his men, tenants, and servants, their haill goods and gear, corns and cattle whatsomever that they could get, and left nothing but bare bounds, as sic as they could carry away with them, and what could not be destroyed, they despitefully burnt up by fire. This service done by this Earl of Argyle against that nobleman the Earl of Airly, the king's loyal subject, without any warrant or authority, he then addresses himself to Athol, (where the

Lord Loudon, being set at liberty out of the tower of Loudon, came to see Argyle). The Earl of Athol hearing of Argyle's coming, offered to do what he would command him, and sent forth forty-eight men, chief in that country, of the names of Stuart and Robertson, till he should come and perform his promise. Argyle accepted the gentlemen, and without Athol's knowledge sent them to the tables; syne trysts and causes Athol swear and subscribe as he pleased. This was not fair play. From Athol he goes to Lochaber, and as he marches he gets due obedience from barons, gentlemen, and others through the country; he plundered and spoiled all Lochaber, and burnt M'Donald's house of Keppach, holden of the house of Huntly."—SPALDING, Vol. I. p. 227.

Whoever wishes to see a more ample account of the exertions of the house of Ogilvy in the royal cause, may consult GUTHRIE's *Memoirs of the Marquis of Montrose.*

The old house of Airly is thus described in the *Statistical Account of Scotland:* "Airly castle, which gave title to Ogilvy, Earl of Airly, is situated on the north-west corner of this parish (Airly), at the conflux of the Melgin and Isla. It is built on a promontory formed by these two rivers, and elevated above their bed more than one hundred feet. It has been a very large and strong fortress, seemingly inaccessible on every side but the south, on which it has been secured by a ditch and draw-bridge, more than twenty, perhaps thirty, feet wide, and a wall (the front of the castle) ten feet thick and thirty-five feet high."—Vol. XI. p. 211.

I have collated for this edition two recited copies, with one printed about twenty years ago on a single sheet. They appear to be all of them equally incorrect. The author seems to have thought any word of two syllables a sufficient rhyme to another of the same quantity.

THE

BONNIE HOUSE O' AIRLY.

It fell on a day, and a bonnie summer day,
When the corn grew green and yellow,
That there fell out a great dispute
Between Argyle and Airly.

The Duke o' Montrose has written to Argyle *
To come in the morning early,
An' lead in his men, by the back o' Dunkeld,
To plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

* An obvious error; these two noblemen were of opposite sides.

The lady look'd o'er her window sae hie,
And oh! but she looked weary,
And there she espied the great Argyle
Come to plunder the bonnie house o' Airly.

"Come down, come down, Lady Margaret," he says,
"Come down and kiss me fairly,
Or before the morning clear day light,
I'll no leave a standing stane in Airly."

"I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
I wadna kiss thee fairly,
I wadna kiss thee, great Argyle,
Gin you shoudna leave a standing stane in Airly."

He has ta'en her by the middle sae sma',
Says, "Lady, where is your drury?" *
"Its up and down by the bonnie burn side,
Amang the planting of Airly."

* *Drury*, riches, jewels; as in ancient romances.

They sought it up, they sought it down,
  They sought it late and early,
And found it in the bonnie balm-tree,
  That shines on the bowling-green o' Airly.

He has ta'en her by the left shoulder,
  And o! but she grat sairly,*
And led her down to yon green bank
  Till he plundered the bonnie house o' Airly.

"O! its I hae seven braw sons," she says,
  "And the youngest ne'er saw his daddie,
And altho' I had as mony mae,
  I wad gie them a' to Charlie.

"But gin my good lord had been at hame,
  As this night he is wi' Charlie,
There durst na a Campbell in a' the west
  Hae plundered the bonnie house o' Airly."

* *Grat sairly*, wept sorely.

THE

GYPSIE LADDIE.

As Mr Ritson had mentioned, that neighbouring tradition strongly vouched for the truth of the story upon which this ballad is founded, I resolved to make the necessary inquiries, the result of which, without much variation, is as follows:

That the Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her

friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, " nothing loth :" That the earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort's ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

> ——the meanest of them all,
> Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoro,* and it is said confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire,

built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassillis house, is still denominated the Gypsies Steps.

There seems to be no reason for identifying the hero with Johnie Faa, who was king of the gypsies about the year 1590. The coincidence of names, and the disguise assumed by the lover, is perhaps the foundation on which popular tradition has raised the structure. Upon

authority so vague, nothing can be assumed; and indeed I am inclined to adopt the opinion of a correspondent, that the whole story may have been the invention of some feudal or political rival, to injure the character and hurt the feelings of an opponent; at least, after a pretty diligent search, I have been able to discover nothing that in the slightest degree confirms the popular tale.

THE

GYPSIE LADDIE.

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate,
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet and sae very complete,
That down came the fair lady.

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weel-far'd * face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

* *Weel-far'd,* well-favoured.

" O come with me," says Johnie Faw,
" O come with me, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

Then she gied * them the beer and the wine,
And they gied her the ginger;
But she gied them a far better thing,
The goud ring aff her finger.

" Gae tak frae me this gay mantle,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

" Yestreen I lay in a weel-made bed,
Wi' my good lord beside me;
But this night I'll lye in a tennant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

" Come to your bed," says Johnie Faw,
" Oh! come to your bed, my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye."

* *Gied*, gave.

" I'll go to bed to my Johnie Faw,
I'll go to bed to my dearie;
For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand,
That my lord shall nae mair come near mé.

" I'll mak a hap * to my Johnie Faw,
I'll mak a hap to my dearie;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord came hame at e'en,
And spier'd † for his fair lady,
The tane ‡ she cry'd, and the other replied,
" She's away wi' the gypsie laddie."

" Gae saddle to me the black black steed,
Gae saddle and make him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen weel-made men,
Altho' we were na bonny;
And we were a' put down § but ane,
For a fair young wanton lady.

* *Hap*, covering; commonly applied to bed-clothes.
† *Spier'd*, inquired. ‡ *Tane*, one.
§ *Put down*, executed.

NOTES

ON

THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

They coost the glamer *o'er her.*—P. 39. v. 2.

The glamer, glamour, or glamoury, is a magical delusion practised upon the eye-sight.

For I vow and I swear by the fan in my hand.

P. 41. v. 1.

Other copies read, " by what past yestreen ;"

P. 41. v. 4.

After this stanza some copies insert the following ones :

And he's rode east, and he's rode west,
Till he came near Kirkaldy;
There he met a packman lad,
And speir'd for his fair lady.

" O cam' ye east, or cam' ye west,
Or cam' ye through Kirkaldy?
O saw na ye a bonny lass,
Following the gypsie laddie?"

" I cam' na east, I cam' na west,
Nor cam' I through Kirkaldy;
But the bonniest lass that e'er I saw,
Was following the gypsie laddie."

I have not inserted these in the text, as they do not agree with the rout which the earl took in pursuit of the fugitives, as mentioned in the prefatory notes. There is indeed a stanza of no merit, which, in some copies, concludes the ballad, and states, that eight of the gypsies were hanged at Carlisle, and the rest at the Border.

Gae saddle and make him ready.—P. 41. v. 4.
Variation,—" The brown was ne'er sae ready."

LAMMIKIN.

Of this ballad, which is popular throughout Scotland, I have received many copies, all of them differing in some points from one another, and some even in their versification. As these last could not well be incorporated with the others, I have subjoined one of them, which seems to have a claim to insertion here, as well from the variations it contains, as from its poetical merit.

There are three superstitious notions in this ballad, which I have nowhere else met with:

Lord Weire imagining he saw the blood of his child upon a stone, auguring evil of his lady from the rings on his finger bursting; and, lastly, carrying Lammikin "a' airts o' wind." unless, indeed, this merely alludes to his being carried about and exhibited as a spectacle previous to his execution.

LAMMIKIN.

Lammikin was as gude a mason
As ever hewed a stane;
He biggit Lord Weire's castle,
But payment gat he nane.

"Sen ye winna gie me my guerdon,* lord,
Sen ye winna gie me my hire,
This gude castle, sae stately built,
I sall gar rock wi' fire.

"Sen ye winna gie me my wages, lord,
Ye sall hae cause to rue."
And syne he brewed a black revenge,
And syne he vowed a vow.—

* *Guerdon,* recompense.

The Lammikin sair wroth, sair wroth,
  Returned again to Downe;
But or he gaed, he vow'd and vow'd,
  The castle should sweep the ground.—

" O byde at hame, my gude Lord Weire,
  I weird ye byde at hame;
Gang na to this day's hunting,
  To leave me a' alane.

" Yae night, yae night, I dreamt this bower
  O red red blude was fu';
Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
  I sall hae cause to rue."

" Wha looks to dreams, my winsome dame?
  Nae cause hae ye to fear;"
And syne he kindly kissed her cheek,
  And syne the starting tear.—

Now to the gude green-wood he's gane,
  She to her painted bower,
But first she closed the windows and doors
  Of the castle, ha', and tower.

They steeked * doors, they steeked yetts,
Close to the cheek and chin †;
They steeked them a' but a wee wicket,
And Lammakin crap in.

"Where are the lads o' this castle?"
Says the Lammikin;
"They are a' wi' Lord Weire, hunting,"
The false nourice did sing.

"Where are the lasses o' this castle?"
Says the Lammikin;
"They are a' out at the washing,"
The false nourice did sing.

"But where's the lady o' this house?"
Says the Lammikin;
"She is in her bower sewing,"
The false nourice did sing.

* *Steeked,* fastened.

† *Cheek and chin,* a proverbial phrase, signifying, completely.

" Is this the bairn o' this house?"
Says the Lammikin;
" The only bairn Lord Weire aughts," *
The false nourice did sing.

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
While loud false nourice sings;
Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
Till high the red blude springs.

" Still my bairn, nourice,
O still him if ye can."
" He will not still, madam,
For a' his father's lan'."

" O, gentle nourice, still my bairn,
O still him wi' the keys;"
" He will not still, fair lady,
Let me do what I please."

" O still my bairn, kind nourice,
O still him wi' the ring."
" He will not still, my lady,
Let me do any thing."

* *Aughts*, has.

" O still my bairn, gude nourice,
O still him wi' the knife."
" He will not still, dear mistress mine,
Gin I'd lay down my life."

" Sweet nourice, loud loud cries my bairn,
O still him wi' the bell."
" He will not still, dear lady,
Till ye cum down yoursell."

The first step she stepped,
She stepped on a stane,
The next step she stepped,
She met the Lammikin.

And when she saw the red red blude,
A loud skriech skrieched she,—
" O monster, monster, spare my child,
Who never skaithed thee!

" O spare, if in your bluidy breast
Abides not heart of stane!
O spare, an' ye sall hae o' gold
That ye can carry hame!"

" I carena for your gold," he said,
" I carena for your fee,
I hae been wranged by your lord,
Black vengeance ye sall drie. *

" Here are nae serfs to guard your haa's,
Nae trusty spearmen here;
In yon green wood they sound the horn,
And chace the doe and deer.

" Tho' merry sounds the gude green wood
Wi' huntsmen, hounds, and horn,
Your lord sall rue ere sets yon sun
He has done me skaith and scorn."

" O nourice, wanted ye your meat,
Or wanted ye your fee,
Or wanted ye for any thing
A fair lady could gie ?"

" I wanted for nae meat, ladie,
I wanted for nae fee;
But I wanted for a hantle †
A fair lady could gie."

* *Drie*, suffer. † *Hantle*, much, a great deal.

Then Lammikin drew his red red sword,
And sharped it on a stane,
And through and through this fair ladie,
The cauld cauld steel is gane.

Nor lang was't after this foul deed,
Till Lord Weire cumin' hame,
Thocht he saw his sweet bairn's bluid
Sprinkled on a stane.

"I wish a' may be weel," he says,
"Wi' my ladie at hame;
For the rings upon my fingers
Are bursting in twain."

But mair he look'd, and dule saw he,
On the door at the trance, *
Spots o' his dear lady's bluid
Shining like a lance.—

"There's bluid in my nursery,
There's bluid in my ha',
There's bluid in my fair lady's bower,
An' that's warst of a'."

* *Trance*, abbrev. of entrance.

O sweet sweet sang the birdie
  Upon the bough sae hie,
But little cared false nourice for that,
  For it was her gallows tree.

Then out he set, and his braw men
  Rode a' the country roun',
Ere lang they fand the Lammikin
  Had sheltered near to Downe.

They carried him a' airts * o' wind,
  And mickle pain had he,
At last before Lord Weire's gate
  They hanged him on the tree.

* *Airts*, points of the compass.

LAMMIKIN.

A DIFFERENT COPY.

THE present edition of "Lammikin" is given from a MS. formerly written by an old lady, who is of opinion, that the story has some foundation in truth, although she can refer to no document for its authenticity. From a recited copy, I have restored the name of Balwearie (probably the original of the Lord Weire of the preceding) in preference to that of Sr. Guy, or Gray, which the MS. bears, as it makes the ballad appear more decidedly local; Balwearie, in Fifeshire, being the residence of that family

of the Scots, formerly represented by the redoubted Michael Scot. Balcanqual is an ancient Scottish surname, and is sometimes corrupted, for the more agreeable sound, into Beluncan. All reciters agree, that Lammikin, or Lambkin, is not the name of the hero, but merely an epithet. What could give rise to it, I have not been able to discover, unless it be one of those ironical designations, which are common to ancient as well as modern languages. Examples will readily occur to the classical reader; but it will be sufficient in the present instance to remark, that the honest people of Scotland frequently mention Satan by the familiar appellation of the *good man*. In this edition of the ballad there is no mention made of Balcanqual's occupation; and the cause assigned for the revenge he took, is but darkly hinted at.

LAMMIKIN.

When Balwearie and his train
Gaed * to hunt the wild boar,
He gar'd † bar up his castle
Behind and before.

And he bade his fair lady
Guard weel her young son,
For wicked Balcanqual
Great mischief had done.

So she closed a' the windows
Without and within,
But forgot the wee wicket,
And Balcanqual crap ‡ in.

* *Gaed*, went. † *Gar'd*, caused. ‡ *Crap*, crept.

Then up spak fause nourice,
"Haste up to the tower,
Somebody knocks at the gate
Bauldly and dowr." *

Syne Balcanqual he rocked,
And fause nourice sang,
Till through a' the cradle
The baby's blood sprang.

"O please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the keys."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
For a' that he sees."

And Balcanqual ay rocked,
While fause nourice sang,
And through a' the cradle
The baby's blood ran.

"Please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the knife."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
Tho' I'd gie my life."

* *Dowr*, sternly.

And Balcanqual still rocked,
And fause nourice sang,
While through a' the cradle
The baby's blood ran.

"Now please the bairn, nourice,
And please him wi' the bell."
"He'll no be pleased, madam,
Till ye come yoursell."—

Down came this fair lady,
Tripping down the stair,
To see her sick bairn,
But returned never mair.—

"Now scour the bason, Jenny,
And scour't very clean,
To haad * this lady's blood,
For she's of noble kin."

She's lifted her baby,
And kissed cheek and chin,
And his ance rosy lips,
But nae breath was within.—

* *Haad*, hold.

" Fare weel, my sweet baby,
Ye've left me alane;
But I see my death coming,
I needna make mane."

They've taen this fair lady,
And tied her wi' bands,
And in her sweet heart's blood
They've dipped their hands.

For Balcanqual and nourice
Had vow'd her to slae,
Because their ill deeds
Made Balwearie their fae.

Balwearie and his train
Cam hame weary at e'en,
Nae voice gied * them welcome,
Nae light could be seen.

" Open, dear lady,
My castle to me;"
Nae voice gied an answer,
Nae voice was to gie. †

* *Gied*, gave. † *Gie*, give.

SWEET WILLIE.

This ballad has had the misfortune, in common with many others, of being much mutilated by reciters. I have endeavoured, by the assistance of some fragments, to make it as complete as possible; and have even taken the liberty of altering the arrangement of some of the stanzas of a lately-procured copy, that they might the better cohere with those already printed. The fragment of it best known, commences, "Liv'd ance twa luvers in a dell." In some of its parts the ballad likewise resembles that of *Katharine Janaffray*, but both the catastrophe and other material incidents are entirely different.

SWEET WILLIE.

"Will you marry the southland lord,
A queen o' fair England to be?
Or will you mourn for sweet Willie,
The morn * upon yon lea?"

"I will marry the southland lord,
Father sen it is your will;
But I'd rather it were my burial day,
For my grave I'm going till. †

"O go, O go now my bower wife,
O go now hastilie,
O go now to sweet Willie's bower,
And bid him cum speak to me.—

* *The morn*, to-morrow. † *Till*, to.

" Now, Willie, gif ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
Gar build, gar build a bonny ship,
Gar build it speedilie ;

" And we will sail the sea sae green
Unto some far countrie ;
Or we'll sail to some bonny isle,
Stands lanely midst the sea."

But lang or e'er the ship was built,
Or deck'd or rigged out,
Cam sic a pain in Annet's back,
That down she cou'dna lout.

" Now, Willie, gin ye love me weel,
As sae it seems to me,
O haste, haste, bring me to my bower,
And my bower maidens three."

He's ta'en her in his arms twa,
And kiss'd her cheek and chin,
He's brocht her to her ain sweet bower,
But nae bower maid was in.

" Now leave my bower, Willie," she said,
" Now leave me to my lane; *
Was never man in a lady's bower
When she was travailing?"

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
Upon the marble stane,
Sae loud's he heard his young son greet, †
But and his lady mane. ‡

" Now come, now come, Willie," she said,
" Tak your young son frae me,
And hie him to your mother's bower,
With speed and privacie."

And he is to his mother's bower,
As fast as he could rin,
" Open, open, my mother dear,
Open and let me in;

" For the rain rains on my yellow hair,
The dew stands on my chin,
And I have something in my lap,
And I wad fain be in."

* *To my lane*, alone. † *Greet*, cry. ‡ *Mane*, moan.

" O go, O go, now, sweet Willie,
And make your lady blithe,
For wherever you had ae nourice,
Your young son shall hae five."—

Out spak Annet's mother dear,
An' she spak a word o' pride,
Says, " Whare is a' our bride's maidens,
They're no busking the bride?"

" O haud your tongue, my mother dear,
Your speaking let it be,
For I'm sae fair and full o' flesh,
Little busking will serve me."

Out an' spak the bride's maidens,
They spak a word o' pride,
Says, " Whare is a' the fine cleiding, *
Its we maun busk the bride?"

" Deal hooly† wi' my head, maidens,
Deal hooly wi' my hair,
For it was washen late yestreen,
And it is wonder sair.

* *Cleiding*, clothing. † *Hooly*, softly.

" My maidens, easy wi' my back,
And easy wi' my side;
O set my saddle saft, Willie,
I am a tender bride."

O up then spak the southland lord,
And blinkit wi' his ee;
" I trow this lady's born a bairn,"
Then laucht loud lauchters three.

" Ye hae gi'en me the gowk,* Annet,
But I'll gie you the scorn;
For there's no a bell in a' the town
Shall ring for you the morn."

Out and spak then sweet Willie,
" Sae loud's I hear you lie,
There's no a bell in a' the town
But shall ring for Annet and me."

And Willie swore a great great oath,
And he swore by the thorn,
That she was as free o' a child that night,
As the night that she was born.

* *Gowk*, cuckow; *to gie the gowk*, to hold up to derision.

O up an' spak then sweet Willie,
And he spak up wi' pride,
" Gin I should lay my gloves in pawn,
I will dance wi' the bride."

" Now haud your tongue, Willie," she said,
" Wi' dancing let me be,
I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
Sma' dancing will serve me."

But she's ta'en Willie by the hand,
The tear blinded her ee;
" But I wad dance wi' my true love,
But bursts my heart in three."

She's ta'en her bracelet frae her arm,
Her garter frae her knee,
" Gie that, gie that, to my young son,
He'll ne'er his mother see.

NOTES

ON

SWEET WILLIE.

Or will you mourn.—P. 62. v. 1.

One copy bears *burn;* which is perhaps the better reading.

Bower-wife.—P. 62. v. 3.

The bower woman. Chaucer uses wife simply for woman. See v. 7.

P. 64. v. 5.

This and the preceding stanza remind one of the beautiful passage in the *Song of Solomon,* "Open the door, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled; for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of

night." The stanzas, with some variation, likewise occur in some copies of the *Lass of Lochroyan.*

He swore by the thorn.—P. 66. v. 5.

As this was an oath seldom used on trifling occasions, Willie may mean Christ's crown of thorns. But see note on *Glasgerion.*

THE

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

A FRAGMENT of this fine old ballad has been repeatedly published under the title of "The cruel Knight." The present edition has been completed from two recited copies. Young Johnstone's reason for being "sae late a coming in," has been suppressed, as well as a concluding stanza of inferior merit, in which the catastrophe is described in a manner quite satisfactory, but not very poetical.

THE

YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

YOUNG Johnstone and the young col'nel
Sat drinking at the wine,
"O gin * ye wad marry my sister,
Its I wad marry thine."

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your houses and land,
But I'll keep her for my leman, †
When I come o'er the strand.

* *Gin*, if. † *Leman*, lover; here, concubine.

"I wadna marry your sister,
For a' your gowd and fee;*
But I'll keep her for my leman,
When I come o'er the sea."

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown sword,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he ritted it through the young col'nel,
That word he ne'er spak mair.

But he's awa' to his sister's bower,
And he's tirled† at the pin;
"Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?

"I've dreamed a dream this night," she says,
"I wish it may be good,
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young col'nel was dead."—

"They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,
As I trow well they be;
For I have killed the young col'nel,
And thy own true love was he."

* *Gowd*, gold. *Fee*, income; a pleonasm.
† *Tirled*, knocked gently.

"If ye hae killed the young col'nel,
A dule * and woe is me;
But I wish ye may be hanged on a hie gallows,
An' hae nae power to flee."—

And he's awa to his lover's bower,
He's tirled at the pin;
"Whar hae ye been, my dear Johnstone,
Sae late a coming in?

"I've dreamed a dream, this night," she says,
I wish it may be good,
They were seeking you with hawks and hounds,
And the young col'nel was dead."

"They are seeking me with hawks and hounds,
As I trow well they be,
For I have killed the young col'nel,
And thy ae brother † was he."

"If ye hae killed the young col'nel,
A dule and woe is me;
But I gie na sae much for the young col'nel,
If thy ain body is free.

* *Dule*, sorrow. † *Thy ae brother*, thy only brother.

" Come in, come in, my dear Johnstone,
Come in and take a sleep,
And I will go to my casement,
And carefully I'll thee keep."

She hadna weel gane up the stair,
And entered in her tower,
Till four-and-twenty belted knights
Came riding to the door.

" O did you see a bloody squire,
A bloody squire was he;
O did you see a bloody squire
Come riding o'er the lea?"

" What colour were his hawks?" she cried,
" What colour were his hounds?
What colour was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds?"

" Bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds."

" Yes, bloody, bloody were his hawks,
And bloody were his hounds,
And milk-white was the gallant steed,
That bore him from the bounds:

" But light ye down, now, gentlemen,
And take some bread and wine;
An' the steed be good he rides upon,
He's past the bridge of Tyne."

" We thank you for your bread, ladie,
We thank you for your wine;
I wad gie thrice three thousand pounds
Your fair bodie was mine."—

" Lie still, lie still, my dear Johnstone,
Lie still and take a sleep,
For there's four-and-twenty belted knights
Just gone out at the gate."

But young Johnstone had a wee penknife,
Hung low down by his gair,
And he ritted it through his dear ladie,
And wounded her sae sair.

" What aileth thee, now dear Johnstone?
What aileth thee at me?
Hast thou not got my father's gold,
Bot and my mother's fee?"

" Now live, now live, my dear ladie,
Now live but half an hour;
And there's no a leech * in a' Scotland,
But shall be in thy bower."

" How can I live, my dear Johnstone?
How can I live for thee?
O do ye na see my red heart's blood
Run trickling down my knee?

" But go thy way, my dear Johnstone,
And ride along the plain;
And think no more of thy true love,
Than she had never been."

* *Leech*, physician.

See Herds 1776 vol 1. 165
Pinkerton 1783 —1 67

NOTES

ON

THE YOUNG JOHNSTONE.

Young Johnstone had a nut-brown *sword.*
P. 73. v. 2.

This was a favourite simile with our ancestors, and did not imply, as some suppose, (see particularly a long note in Percy's *Reliques*, Vol. I. p. 90. last edit.) that they allowed their swords to rust from a noble contempt of appearance, but that it was a Damascus blade.

Hung low down by his gair.—P. 73. v. 2.

A gair is a piece of cloth inserted into a garment to widen it. Gair is sometimes used for the whole dress, "Gainest under gore," the most beautiful in dress; a phrase of romance.

And he ritted *it through the young col'nel.*

P. 73. v. 2.

Thrust it violently. The word occurs again in *Sir Tristrem,* but I believe nowhere else; in *Sir Tristrem* it simply means *cut.*

P. 73. v. 4.

Though the rhyme of this stanza may now appear licentious, it was not so formerly. *Dead* is to this day pronounced *deed* in Scotland, and *good* guede in Aberdeenshire. It seems indeed anciently to have been so pronounced universally; at least in the romance of *Horn Child* we read,

" His giftes were nought guede."

And I will go to my casement.—P. 75. v. 1.

So the word has been corrupted; it should be *case-mate,* a loop-hole in a wall.

THE

MERMAID.

This beautiful piece of poetry was recovered from the recitation of a lady, who heard it sung by the servants, in her father's family, above fifty years ago. It is believed, notwithstanding some modern expressions, to be very ancient. The lady mentions, that it was formerly popular on the Carrick coast of Ayrshire. It bears a striking resemblance to the following fragment in Pinkerton's Collection:—

Whar yon clear burn, frae down the loch,
Rins saftlie to the sea,
There latelie bathed, in hete o' nune,
A squire of valour hie,

He kend nae that the fause Mermaid
There used to beik * and play,
Or he had neir gane to the bathe,
I trow, that dreirie day.

Nae suner had he deft † his claiths,
Nae suner 'gan to swim,
Than up she raised her bonnie face
Aboon the glittering stream.

" O comely youth, gin ye will cum
And be my leman deir,
Ye sall hae pleasance o' ilk sort,
Bot any end or feir.

" I'll tak' you to my emrand ha',
Wi' perles lighted round,
Whar ye sall live wi' luve and me,
And neir by bale be found."

* * * * * * * * *

Mr Pinkerton, however, in his Preface to the Maitland Poems, asserts, that it was written wholly by himself; but without calling in question that gentleman's acknowledged veracity,

* *Beik*, bask. † *Deft*, thrown off.

it will readily be allowed, that the coincidence is such, that it can only be accounted for on the supposition that the fragment was composed from the indistinct recollection of the story, which he may have heard in childhood.

The second line literally stood thus,—

"Hides mony an elf an' plum,"

which, as I did not understand, I took the liberty of altering.

Since writing the above, I have seen Mr Jamieson's Collection of Popular Ballads and Songs, which contains the "Water-woman," a translation from the German of Goethe, exactly similar in the story, and nearly so in description, with the "Mermaid." I do not know at what period the "Water-woman" first made its appearance; but should be inclined to suppose, from internal evidence, that it was not imitated from Pinkerton's fragment, which, among other things, wants the catastrophe.

THE

MERMAID.

To yon fause stream, that near the sea
Hides mony a shelve and plum,*
And rives wi' fearfu' din the stanes,
A witless knicht did come.

The day shines clear,—far in he's gane
Whar shells are silver bright,
Fishes war loupin' a' aroun',†
And sparklin' to the light:

* *Plum*, a deep hole in a river.
† *i. e.* leaping all around.

Whan as he laved, sounds cam sae sweet
Frae ilka rock an' tree,
The brief* was out, 'twas him it doomed
The Mermaid's face to see.

Frae 'neath a rock, sune, sune she rose,
And stately on she swam,
Stopped in the midst, an' becked† and sang
To him to stretch his han'.

Gowden glist the yellow links,
That round her neck she'd twine;
Her een war o' the skyie blue,
Her lips did mock the wine;

The smile upon her bonnie cheek
Was sweeter than the bee;
Her voice excelled the birdies sang
Upon the birchen tree.

* *Brief*, literally a writ, here a sentence. In the account of Gourie's conspiracy, appended to Gall's "Gabions," it is used in the sense of "irresistible spell."

† *Becked*, beckoned.

Sae couthie,* couthie did she look,
And meikle had she fleeched ;†
Out shot ‡ his hand, alas, alas!
Fast in the swirl § he screeched.

The Mermaid leuch, her brief was gane,
And Kelpie's ‖ blast was blawin',
Fu' low she duked, ne'er raise again,
For deep, deep was she fawin'.

Aboon the stream his wraith** was seen,
Warlocks †† tirled lang at gloamin';
That e'en was coarse, ‡‡ the blast blew hoarse,
Ere lang the waves war foamin'.

* *Couthie*, kindly. † *Fleeched*, flattered.
‡ *Shot*, stretched. § *Swirl*, whirlpool.
‖ *Kelpie*, the water-spirit.
** *Wraith*, the spectral appearance of a person about to die, or recently dead.
†† *Warlocks*, wizards. ‡‡ *Coarse*, tempestuous, rough.

NOTES

ON

THE MERMAID.

The Mermaid's face to see.—P. 85. v. 1.

It appears that Mermaids could injure even by a look; and on this circumstance turns the ballad of "Clerk Colvin."

—— *Becked and sang.*—P. 85. v. 2.

Mermaids, too, like other syrens of antiquity, were supposed to have the power of fascination by singing; thus Shakespeare,

> "O train me not, sweet Mermaid, with thy song,
> To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears."
>
> *Comedy of Errors.*

Warlocks tirled lang at gloamin'.—P. 86. v. 3.

This line is obscure. *To tirl*, is to uncover; and the meaning may perhaps be, that the warlocks took the roofs off many houses; an occurrence by no means rare when Scotland was infested with these sons of darkness. *Tirl* also signifies to knock gently.

WILLIE MACKINTOSH.

This fragment relates to the feuds of the two powerful families of Gordon and Mackintosh, and their retainers, which for a long period disturbed the tranquillity of the north. From the following extract from Lesley's History, the reader will be enabled to form some opinion of the state of the country during the reign of James V., when every man's hand seems to have been set against his neighbour. The passage deserves particular attention.—"In Scotiæ partibus, quæ naturæ ferocitate quodam efferatæ agrestiores dicuntur incolæ partim ingenium

suum secuti, partim temporis longe impeditissimi incitati omnia quoque nimia licentia grassantes prostrarunt: sed contentionum quæ in illis partibus gliscebat, illa inter Makintoschianos excitata, fuit longe turbulentissima. Tribus enim Glenchattana vulgo nuncupata, Makintoschiana a principe Makintoschio dicebatur. In illa tribu principatum obtinebat Lachlanus Makintoschius, vir agrorum locuples, prudentia tam singulari præstans, ut suos omnes præ cæteris intra officii lineas præclare quidem continuerit. Quæ res cum multorum animos, qui tam arcta officii lege constringi ægre tulerant ab eo alienasset: Jacobus Malcomsonus ejus cognatus, qui regnandi cupiditate incendebatur, arrepta temporis occasione Makintoschum ex insidiis perfidè delevit, ac fuga se quemprimum ad lacus Rothemarcosii insulam tanquàm asylum subduxerat. Verùm reliqui è Makintoschi tribu tam infestis animis percussorem persecuti sunt, ut illum vi in insula captum aliosque sui

sceleris socios extremo supplicio paulo post meritò mulctaverint. Quòd vero Makintoschi filius propter tenellam ætatem ad subditos paulò ferociores metu pænaque continuendos ineptior videretur, ejus fratrem nothum cui nomen Hectori Makintoscho, communi consensione delegerunt ducem, quoad tenellus ejus nepos per ætatis maturitatem tribus suæ clavum tenere posset. Cum comes Moraviensis Makintoschi filium vidisset, si puer temeritati populi paulò immanioris committatur, quantis undique angustiis premaretur, pie pro studio in nepotem (fuit enim ex sorore ejus susceptus) curavit, ut aliò inde ad Ogilvios suæ matris propinquos traductus, et morum elegantia limaretur, aliisque ad pietatem præceptionibus prudenter imbueretur. Hector infantem sibi insidiose surreptum vehementer excanduit. Nam cùm plurimum inde de sua fide, ac auctoritate imminutum esse diceret, omnem tentavit viam, qua, puero in suam denuo potestatem asserto, et

fides sibi et auctoritas sanciretur. Verùm omnes arbitrati sunt, eum de puero in suam potestatem asserendo tam solicitè anxium fuisse, ut, illo extincto, sibi suæque proli viam ad regimen tribus perpetuum communeret. Quæ sententia, quòd Moraviensi penitus insculpta erat, puerum omni cura, ac diligentia conservabat, ne in Hectoris manum ulla ratione veniret. Quo nomine cùm Hector infrenderet ac suam in Moraviensem viam quocunque modo expuere vellet, fratrem suum Gulielmum, aliosque suos cognatos incitavit, ut, junctis sibi copiis, vastitate prædisque Comitis Moraviensis agros ac terras vexaret. Quod tanto cum furore fecerunt, ut, Dykensi municipio direpto, castroque Tarnuaio obsesso, plurima infinitæ crudelitatis signa cædes, incendia, prædationes in viris, fœminis, ac fautoribus promiscue delendis, ediderint. Neque illorum furor, odio, partis adversæ gravissimo inflammatus, tantillis terminis poterat circumscribi, quin, castris positis ad arcem Pettensem

(quæ tum Domini Durnensis ex Ogilviorum familia dominatione tenebatur) obsidionem furiosè premebant, ac deditione tandem facta, viginti quatuor Ogilvios simul extinguebant: quibus tot tantisque spoliis, summa quidem felicitate relatis, illorum animi ita efferebantur, ut rerum prosperitate nimium præfidentes non prius sceleri, ac crudelitati suæ modum posuerunt, quam Comes Moraviensis justam ab illis vindictam armis expetierat. Nam cum Comes illos in suis agris affligendis, aliisque sceleribus edendis immaniter exultantes vidisset, a rege ejusque consilio cui ut Prorex in eo bello constitutus illorum furorem, ac audaciam in Rep. vastanda projectiorem armis coerceret.

" Comes ergo comparato exercitu, tanto impetu in eos ac eorum agros involavit ut ducentos ferè ex principibus captos laqueo quamprimùm mulctaverit. Horum tanta fuit in Ducem fides ut cum singulis ad crucem perductis vita proponeretur, si in quem Hector locum se ab-

diderat aperiret; omnes constantissimo vultu responderint: se id nescire, ac si id quidem scissent nullo potuissent pœnæ, aut timoris genere induci, ut prodita fide, illud aperirent. In Gulielmum Makintoschum Hectoris fratrem, quòd illud incendium fratris causa in primis fovebat, gravis pœna proponabatur. Nam postquàm illi gula laqueo fracta fuerat, caput præcisum Dykæ stipiti præfigebatur, reliqui verò corporis quatuor partes dissectæ, singulæ in singulis oppidis Elgino, Foresio, Invernesio, ac Alderno publice ad contumeliam aliosque exemplo terrendos, portis appensæ proponebantur."

In Gordon's History of the House of Gordon, there are some allusions to this feud, but scarcely any particulars are given. In no history of the period, indeed, do I find an account of the transaction to which the fragment now published immediately refers; but the following passage, from an anonymous account of Scot-

land, published in 1705, is too curious to be omitted:—"After this, the publick business being in a manner settled, the Regent (for so we now must call her) sends out Gordon Earl of Huntley to take Murdec, head of the Reynolds's clan, a famous robber, that had done great mischief: but Gordon was not thought to behave himself with that fidelity as was expected, but came back *re infecta*, and was thereupon clapt up, in order to be tried for that and other crimes laid to his charge; and in particular, the death of William Catton,* a hope-

* An error for William Mackintosh of the clan Chattan. The ancient tradition of the house of Gordon bears, that William Mackintosh, unable to resist the power of Huntley, at length resolved to submit to his mercy. When he repaired to the castle of Huntley as a suppliant, the earl was absent; but the countess directed Mackintosh, in token of complete submission, to lay his head upon the dresser, which he had no sooner done than it was severed from his body by one of the lady's attendants. *Catan*, or *Catanach*, signifying of, or belonging to, the clan Cattan, is a common Highland epithet.

ful youth, and heir of that family, who, upon some difference betwixt them, had ignorantly put himself into his power; he caused his wife, when he was gone towards the Queen-mother into France, to put him to death, for no other reason but because he submitted no sooner to him."—pp. 49, 50.

Fiddich-side is in the parish of Mortlach, Banff-shire, and near it stands the castle of Auchindoun, now a ruin. The fragment itself was fortunately recollected by a lady of distinguished rank, and was communicated to the editor by Mr Scott.

WILLIE MACKINTOSH.

As I came in by Fiddich-side
In a May morning,
I met Willie Mackintosh
An hour before the dawning.

"Turn again, turn again,
Turn again, I bid ye;
If ye burn Auchindown,
Huntly he will head † ye."

"Head me, hang me,
That sall never fear me;
I'll burn Auchindown
Before the life leaves me."

† *Head*, behead.

As I came in by Auchindown
In a May morning,
Auchindown was in a bleeze
An hour before the dawning.

* * * * * * * *

" Crawing, crawing,
For my crowse crawing,†
I lost the best feather i' my wing
For my crowse crawing."

* * * * * * * *

† *Crowse*, brisk. *Crowse crawing*, bragging.

MODERN BALLADS.

In the three following imitations of the ancient ballad, the editor has not adhered to historical fact. He has used in this respect, perhaps rather liberally, the freedom which the old ballad-writers used—when the deviation from truth was not the effect of mere ignorance—of wresting the story to their taste or prejudices.

EARL DOUGLAS.

"But when the lords of parliament had consulted long, how, and in what manner, matters should be amended and repaired, and also perceiving the Earl of Douglas to be a principal cause of all wicked enormities and mischiefs; and, by reason of his riches, kindred, and friends, they could not repress his tyranny by strength nor might; they therefore wrote pleasant writings to him, purposing to cut him off by slight, subtility, and craft, requesting, right affectuously, the said earl and his brother to come in for assistance of the commonwealth, which, with-

out him, his kindred and friends could not be goodly ruled; for, since they abstained from the guiding of the same, it was utterly wrecked and come to nought. Such coloured and painted words they sent to this young nobleman to draw him in the snare, albeit they intended nothing more than his destruction and ruin. So the earl, being given to conquest, glory, and honour to himself and to his friends, (and namely he not understanding such fair coloured words, 'That nothing could be done without him and his kindred and friends,') and also, upon the other part, by the information of some avaritious courtiers, and greedy flatterers that depended upon him, having regard to their own privy profit more than to their master's fame and honour, he took purpose to obey the letters, and came forward to the king to Edinburgh, accompanied with his brother David, whom he never suffered to pass a foot-breadth from himself, and others his most honest friends, believing no falsehood

to bechance him afterward, in respect of the hearty message that came to him by the magistrates and lords of parliament.

"When this earl was coming forward on this way, as is declared, the chancellor, on set purpose, rode forth to meet him, to remove all suspicion of falsehood out of the earl's mind, and requested him very earnestly to ride to Creighton with him, and to pass his time for a day or two. To which the Earl of Douglas consented very gladly, and remained two days, very well treated and entertained, with his kindred and friends; where the chancellor swore, by his great oath and holy sacraments, that there was no man in Scotland, except the king's majesty, that he favoured so well as the Earl of Douglas, and would esteem him, from thenceforth, equally with the governor of the realm. This young gentleman, fostered with such flattery, was allured to pass to Edinburgh. The chancellor, as he that had no privy deceit nor ma-

lice latent in his mind, said, with a hearty countenance, in this manner:—

"Seeing so it is, that the king hath given and granted to you the largest riches and puissance of any others your friends and neighbours, I will exhort you, with all my heart, (as him whose house, kindred, and friends are more dear to me than all the rest of Scotland, mine own excepted,) to stand obedient to the king's laws and statutes, which it pleases the eternal God to reign above us at this time; and remember, the high fortune you are promoted to, the great dependance of vassals, and land, and man-rents, with other great strength and power, which needs not to be reckoned at this time, are not come to you, that you should be more insolent thereof, thinking thereby to oppress inferiors, or yet misken the magistrates appointed by the pleasure of God, and the consent of the nobility; but rather, if the king hath given you all thir foresaids, of his own benevolence and plea-

sure, it becomes you to have him in all honour and reverent obedience to his charge and pleasure, and, above all things, to defend the commonwealth, not regarding of land and goods for maintaining of the same in peace and rest; therefore, cause all enormities and crimes, committed heretofore, to be refounded and remended within your bounds, and suffer not the poor people to be overcome and reft by strong and mischievous tyrants, nor stop no man to be brought to the king, that is a manifest trespasser or a limmer; but, on the contrary, minister justice equally within your bounds, as becomes you; and thereafter, not only thole others to be punished, but also to come with your whole power and strength to bring all wicked butchers, and manifest oppressors of the poor, to be adjudged, and thole condignly, according to the laws; otherwise it will redound to your great dishonour, hurt, and shame, to the wreck and hership of your goods and gear; and that which is

worst of all, to the utter extirpation of your house, kindred, and friends; of the which since I favour you so well, I would not ye were the author; nor yet that you should obscure nor blot the honourable facts of martial deeds, and the honour in civil government, which your forbears conquessed to their posterity."

"The young gentleman, being of good inclination, (if he had been well accompanied,) took the chancellor's admonition in good part, promising to repair all things that he had counselled, and to obey and serve the king's majesty with due honour and reverence; but knew nothing of the chancellor's fraud and guile, who thought that this realm should be in greater tranquillity, if the Earl of Douglas and his brother had been cutted off suddenly.

"After this they came to Edinburgh, without any understanding what was devised for their destruction. Some men judged that no good was to come of this journey, and that

through the frequent messages both coming and going betwixt the governor and chancellor, and therefore gave counsel, that none of them should enter, at that time, into the castle of Edinburgh, or, at least, if he entered, best it were to send his brother David back again home, and not to break their father's counsel, who inhibited them, that they should never pass both together where there was any appearance of danger, fraud, or guile, lest it should be the wreck of themselves and house. The earl gave no credit to such conjectures, saying, he had experience of the governor's and chancellor's faith and loyalty in such cases; and, as to the chancellor, he had so entertained and treated him, that he could dread no evil and falsehood at his hand; yet such quiet rumours spread through the whole company, that caused Sir David Douglas to persuade the earl, his brother, to turn homeward again, dreading some mischief to fall upon this hasty friendship: For

the which the earl reproved his brother very sharply, saying, it was not decent for him to give ear to such vain unhappy flatterers, who were the very occasion of all dissension and discord among noblemen, so long as they had place; and therefore gave command, with right sharp threatening and bragging words, that no man in his company meant such thing, let be to speak the same. But behold here a notable case, and worthy to be marked; the nearer that any man be to a peril or mischief, he runs the more headlong thereto, and hath no grace to hear them that give him counsel to eschew the danger.

"The Earl of Douglas, being a young nobleman of good inclination, wiser perchance than any other of equal age with him, would neither give ear to his goodwillers and favourers, nor yet was he content with them that gave the counsel to turn homeward again, but reproved them highly; wherethrough sundry noblemen,

with sad, driry, and quiet countenance, followed him, and durst not speak any further. It may be well said of this man, that safety itself, albeit it would, could not preserve this man from destruction; and so this man, posting to his death, without further delay, spurreth his horse, and came forward to Edinburgh, and entered into the castle; where, by outward countenance, he was received with great joy and gladness, and banquetted royally, with all delicates that could be gotten; and ever that he should take no suspicion of any deceit to follow thereupon. Then, at the last, many of the earl's friends being scaled off the town, and opportunity serving, with consent and advice of the governor, who came then, of set purpose, to Edinburgh, when the dinner was finished, and all the delicate courses taken away, the chancellor presented a bull's head before the Earl of Douglas, which was a sign and token of condemnation to the death; but the earl and his

brother beholding this manifold treason, with sad mind and driry countenance, start up from the board, and made to leap at some place where they might anywise get out; but then, from hand, a company of armed men rushed out round about them, who, breaking all hospitality, lead them to the Castle-hill, with Sir Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, and other gentlemen their assisters and familiars, and strook their heads from them. This was done in the year of God one thousand four hundred and forty years. It is said, the king, being of ten years then, lamented and wept very sore, when he saw the men of war bind the earl's hands and his brother's with cords; and prayed the chancellor, for God's sake, to let them alone, and save their lives for any pleasure that he would desire him; and therefore the chancellor boasted the king right sharply, saying, 'That it was for no privy hatred that he bare toward the Earl of Douglas, and his favourers and friends,

that he should thole the death that day, according to his deserving, but because he was a plain enemy to the king's person, and a manifest traitor to the commonwealth; and so long as they were in life, the realm would never be at peace and rest; but, if they were cut off, the country should be at greater tranquillity.' Then, from hand, thir gentlemen were hurled forth and execute, as said is."—PITSCOTTIE's *History of Scotland.*

O, in this deep and lonely glen,
So lovely in its solitude,
Can thoughts of woe the soul o'erflow,
Or aught on dreams of peace intrude?

O, can the gentle stir of leaves,
The sleepy note—as of a dream—
That winds below the green-wood bough,
The murmur of the lovely stream;—

Can they of grief and sorrow tell?
They can—and deeds of blood recall;
For the tree waves o'er black Creichton tower,
And the stream runs by its silent wall.—

Its cruel chief has doomed to death
The youthful Lord of Douglasdale;
And there is not a man in all the land
That weeps not when he hears the tale.

For the Douglas was stalworth aye, and keen,
And trusty as e'er bore lance in hand;
And in bloody fight, with the Wallace wight,
He had often rescued fair Scotland.

EARL DOUGLAS.

EARL DOUGLAS has feasted his merry men all,
And has bown him to hunt in the good green wood,
When a letter frae the king's ain hand
Says, he must come to Holyrood.

Up then an' spak his auld grey mither,
An' aye the tear was in her e'e;
"Dear Willie, gangna to Embro' the day,
Gin ye will e'er be counselled by me.

"The Red Douglas* is sworn to put down the Black:
—But its aye and alas, gin ye will ride,
Tak a thousand men weel armed at your back,
And anither thousand on ilka side."

But Earl William stampit wi' his foot,
I wot an angry man was he;—
"I wadna gi'e my good king's word
For a' the men in Christendie;
I carena for man but auld Crichtoun,
An' I dinna value him a flie:

"For he kens gin he frowned but whar I stood,
Or touched ae hair o' my e'ebree,
That my men wad level his castle and towers,
An' sweep them clean into the sea.

"But tak the plate-jack frae aff my back,
It hasna been aff this mony a year;
An' tak the basnet frae my head,
An' hing up, till I come hame, my spear;

* The Red Douglas, is the house of Angus; the Black Douglas, that of Liddesdale. "The last battell the Earl Douglas was at, the Earl of Angus discomfited him; so that it became a proverb, *The Red Douglas put down the Black.*"—Hume of Godscroft, p. 207.

" An' fetch me my horse an' my hawk sae guid,
An' my doublet o' red gar to me bring;
I'll let them see that my heart's as stout
Beneath a claith-fauld as steel harnessing."

Sae on to Embro' Earl William rode,
I trow he looked full galliardlie;*
And for a' his dark and grim visage,
His smile it was comely for to see.

As he stopped at a burn to bathe his hawk,
An eldritch carle, wi' sobbing sair,
Cried,—" Back, Lord Douglas, on my life,
Or Hermitage walls ye'll ne'er see mair!

" For my auld son Simmie frae Embro's come
An' tells me Crichtoun swore loud and hie,
That before the morn at ten o'clock,
The Black Douglas on a scaffold should die;
And a bull's head was brought to the castle yestreen,
It wasna for naething sae secretlie.

* *Galliardlie*, gallantly.

But Earl Douglas swore a full great oath,
That he wadna quat that day's journee,
And that Embro' streets wad rin wi' bluid
Ere he or ony o' his kin should die.

But when to Embro' castle he came,
The courts they were fu' grim to see;
And he liked na the feast as they sat at dine,
The tables were served sae silentlie.

And full twenty feet fro the table he sprang
When the grisly bull's head met his e'e;
But the Crichtoun's a' cam' troopin' in,
An' he coudna fight an' wadna flie.—

O, when the news to Hermitage came,
The Douglasses were brim and wood;*
They swore to set Embro' in a bleeze,†
An' slocken't‡ wi' auld Crichtoun's blood.

* *Brim and wood,* furious and mad.
† *Bleeze,* blaze.
‡ *Slocken't,* quench it.

ARCHY O' KILSPINDIE.

"About this time, the king resolves to be siege Tantallon Castle, in Lowthian, some sixteen miles from Edinburgh; and for that purpose causes bring ordinance, powder, and bullet, from Dumbar, which was then kept by the servants of the late governour the Duke of Albanie, as a portion of his patrimony. There was in Tantallon one Simeon Panangoe, with a competent number of men, well furnished, and provided both of victuals and munition. The Earl himself (Angus) remained at Billie in the Merse, within his baronie of Bonkle, not willing to shut

himself up within the wals of any strength; having ever in his mouth this maxime, (which he had received from his predecessours,) *That it was better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep.* The castle was well defended for certain dayes, none hurt within; many without were wounded with shot from the castle, and some burnt and scalded with their own powder, which took fire unawares, and divers killed. The besiegers were troubled without by the horsemen, who assaulted them daily at their trenches; so that seeing no hope of carrying it, they raised their siege, and retired. In their retreat, they were set upon in the reare by Angus his horsemen, and one David Falconer (a principall cannonier) slain, with some hired muskiteers, and two of the cannons cloyed. This the king took so highly, (esteeming it an affront and scorn put upon him,) that he swore openly, that, so long as he lived, the Douglasses should never be received into favour He was then young, and in his hot bloud,

and saw not their worth, or, at least, looked upon it through the prospective of an angry passion; but before he died, he saw it more setledly and clearly, and that their service was more steadable than all theirs that were now about him. Being come to Edinburgh, he adviseth what was next to be done. It was thought fit to keep a company at Coldingham, which needed not to be very great, but onely to lye there constantly, to preserve and protect the common people from their incursions. But that was *to bell the cat;* a good designe, but difficult to prosecute. Billie (where Angus made his residence) is within five miles of Coldingham, and all the countrey about did favour him; yea, some in that same town itself did bear him good will. The task to execute this conclusion was laid upon the Earle Bothwell, who was the most powerful man in Lowthian. He refuses it absolutely, as that which he was not able to

perform. So is the king driven to think of another. The Earle of Arran was the greatest in power and friendship; but he had slain the Earle of Lennox at Linlithgow, and was in societie with the Douglasses. He doubts with what zeal or fidelity he would prosecute the businesse. Argyle was in great account, for warrelike and politick wisedome; but he lay farre off, in the north-west parts of the kingdome. There is no remedie, he must be the man; he is made lieutenant, and, (as our writers say,) by the Lord Humes assistance, drove Angus out of Scotland. But all our ancient men, who lived in those dayes, and were present at those doings, and actors in them, say the contrary, that he did no good, but came to Dumbar, and some of his companies going before, were set upon at the Peeths, and three or four score of them slain. Hereupon was made this rhime in derision, beginning thus:—

" The Earle of Argyle is bound to ride
From the border of Edge-bucklin bray,
And all his habergeons him beside,
Each man upon a sonke of stray,
They made their vow that they would slay," &c.

Neither did the Lord Hume take any particular dealing against him; neither did he leave Scotland, being compelled thereto by force, (as our traditioners say,) but upon the King of Englands desire, who wished him so farre to obey, and yeeld to his prince. He also caused him to render Tantallon up to the king. What warrand the King of England had, and what promises by word, (for it stood not with his honour to give any thing in writ, that his clemency might be free and voluntary, and not by capitulation,) our history doth rather glance at it, than expresse it in these words:—*That the Castle of Tantallon being rendred, the king should, under his hand-writing, assure them of the rest of their petitions.* Yet the castle being rendred,

the rest were not (for all that) sincerely kept. What he speaks of the rendering of the castle, our old men (acquainted with these mysteries) speak also of the Earles leaving Scotland; that both were done upon these promises. They tell also what the promises were; that they should be received again, pardoned, and get their peace, (the kings honour being once thus salved by his going out of the countrey, and rendering of the castle,) within such a space as was agreed on. Our histories also signifie no lesse by the exception which it makes in this: The rest (sayes he) were not sincerely kept, except that favour was granted to Alexander Drumond to return, &c. Then his return hath been one of the conditions, seeing it is accepted as one of them that were performed. Neither hath the condition been, that he alone should return; but that they should be brought home all of them. He signifies also, that Drumonds return was not permitted out of any respect to the

promise, but at the request of Robert Bartaine. So that the exception is no exception; and so nothing hath been keeped. But the King of England (to whom the promise was made) was not at this time disposed to exact the performance of it, and to back his exacting of it with 40000 men, as princes promises should be urged. Men say he had other work in hand, and businesse of his own to request for; which was to desire his nephew James to be quiet, and not to trouble his kingdome while he made warre against the Emperor Charles. Yet afterward, in the year 1532, he sought it directly amongst the conditions of peace, that the Douglas (according to his promise) should be restored. For King Henries own part, he entertained them with all kinde of beneficence and honour, and made both the Earle and Sir George of his privie councell.

"The king's anger still continued against them in such sort, that nine years after, in 1537,

he was contented that Jeane Douglas, Lady Glames (who was Angus sister) should be accused by false witnesses, condemned, and execute. The point of her accusation was, that she, and her husband, (Archibald Campbell then,) and her sonne, and an old priest, had gone about to make away the king by witchcraft. Their servants were tried and racked, but confessed nothing; the accuser, John Lion, (a kinsman of her first husband,) when he saw how they were like to be used, and that the house of Glames would be ruined, repenting of what he had done, confessed to the king that he had wronged them; but it did no good. She was burnt upon the Castle-hill, with great commiseration of the people, in regard of her noble bloud, of her husband, being in the prime of her years, of a singular beauty, and suffering all, though a woman, with a man-like courage; all men conceiving, that it was not this fact, but the hatred the king carried to her brothers,

that had brought her to this end. Her husband seeking to escape over the wall of the castle, fell, and broke his leg, and so died. Her sonne was kept in prison, because he was so young that the law could not strike against him. Others were committed to ward, as Sir George Hume of Wedderburne (who was Angus his sisters son) to the Black-nesse, for whom his mother, Dame Alison Douglas, coming often to entreat the king for him, though he always used her courteously, and gave her good countenance, (and that almost onely to her of all their friends,) so that his language was by way of excusing, without deniall; yet she could obtain nothing till a little before his death, about the rode of Fawla, when hee began to misse their service, then he set him at libertie. His implacabilitie did also appear in his carriage toward Archbald of Kilspindie, whom he (when he was a childe) loved singularly well for his abilitie of body, and was wont to call him his *Gray Steell.*

Archbald, being banished into England, could not well comport with the humour of that nation, which he thought to be too proud, and that they had too high a conceit of themselves, joyned with a contempt and despising of all others. Wherefore, being wearied of that life, and remembring the kings favour of old toward him, he determined to trie the king's mercifulnesse and clemency. So he comes into Scotland, and taking occasion of the kings hunting in the park at Stirlin, he casts himself to be in his way, as he was coming home to the castle. So soon as the king saw him afar off, ere he came near, he ghessed it was he, and said to one of his courtiers, Yonder is my Gray Steell, Archbald of Kilspindie, if he be alive. The other answered, that it could not be he, and that he durst not come into the kings presence. The king approaching, he fell upon his knees, and craved pardon, and promised from thenceforward to abstain from all

meddling in publick affairs, and to lead a quiet and a private life. The king went by without giving him any answer, and trotted a good round pace up the hill. Kilspindie followed, and (though he wore on him a secret, or shirt of maile, for his particular enemies) was as soon at the castle gate as the king. There he sat him down upon a stone without, and entreated some of the kings servants for a cup of drink, being wearie and thirstie; but they, fearing the kings displeasure, durst give him none. When the king was sat at his dinner, he asked what he had done, what he had said, and whither he was gone? It was told him he had desired a cup of drink, and had gotten none. The king reproved them very sharply for their discourtesie, and told them, that if he had not taken an oath that no Douglas should ever serve him, he would have received him into his service; for he had seen him some time a man of great abilitie. Then he sent him word to go to Leith,

and expect his farther pleasure. Then some kinsmen of David Falconer (the cannonier that was slain at Tantallon) began to quarrel with Archbald about the matter, wherewith the king shewed himself not well pleased when he heard of it. Then he commanded him to go to France for a certain space, till he heard farther from him; and so he did, and died shortly after. This gave occasion to the King of England (Henry the VIII.) to blame his nephew, alledging the old saying, *That a king's face should give grace.* For this Archbald (whatsoever were Anguses or Sir George his fault) had not been principal actor of any thing, nor no counsellour, or stirrer up, but onely a follower of his friends, and that no ways cruelly disposed."—HUME *of Godscroft.*

Gray Steel was the name of one of the heroes in the romance of "Sir Egeir." Douglas of Kilspindie was not the only person who was honoured with the designation. It seems to have been anciently a popular epithet; for one

of the Earls of Eglintoun, a man of great bodily strength was so *nicknamed,* as Crauford calls it. See his *Peerage of Scotland.*

ARCHIE O' KILSPINDIE.

WAE worth * the heart that can be glad,
Wae worth the tear that winna fa',
For justice is fleemyt † frae the land,
An' the faith o' auld times is clean awa.

Our nobles they ha'e sworn an aith,
An' they gart our young king swear the same,
That as lang as the crown was on his head,
He wad speak to nane o' the Douglas name.

* *Wae worth*, woe befall.
† *Fleemyt*, banished.

An wasna this a wearifou* aith;
For the crown frae his head had been tint an' gane,†
Gin the Douglas' hand hadna held it on,
Whan anither to help him there was nane.

An' the king frae that day grew dowie an' wae,‡
For he liked in his heart the Douglas weel;
For his foster-brither was Jamie o' Parkhead,
An' Archy o' Kilspindie was his Gray Steel.

But Jamie was banisht an' Archy baith,
An' they lived lang, lang ayont the sea,
Till a' had forgotten them but the king;
An' he whiles said, wi' a watery e'e,—
"Gin they think on me as I think on them,
I wot their life is but dreerie."—

It chanced he rode wi' hound an' horn
To hunt the dun and the red deer down,
An' wi' him was mony a gallant earl,
And laird, and knight, and bold baron.

* *Wearifou*, accursed.
† *Tint an' gane*, lost and gone.
‡ *Dowie an' wae*, melancholy and sorrowful.

But nane was wi' him wad ever compare
Wi' the Douglas so proud in tower and town,
That were courtliest all in bower and hall,
And the highest ever in renown.—

It was dawn when the hunters sounded the horn,
By Stirlin's walls, sae fair to see;
But the sun was far gane down i' the west
When they brittled the deer on Torwood-lee.

And wi' jovial din they rode hame to the town,
Where Snawdon * tower stands dark an' hie;
Frae least to best they were plyin' the jest,
An' the laugh was gaun round richt merrily:

When Murray cried loud,—" Wha's yon I see?
Like a Douglas he looks, baith dark and grim;
And for a' his sad and weary pace,
Like them he's richt stark † o' arm and limb."

The king's heart lap, ‡ and he shouted wi' glee,—
" Yon stalworth makedom § I ken richt weel;

* *Snawdon*, an ancient name of Stirling.
† *Stark*, strong. ‡ *Lap*, leapt.
§ *Stalworth makedom*, stout body.

And I'se wad in pawn * the hawk on my han',
Its Archie Kilspindie, my ain Gray Steel:
We maun gi'e him grace o' a' his race,
For Kilspindie was trusty, ay and leal."

But Lindsay spak in waefou mood,—
"Alas! my liege, that mauna be."
And stout Kilmaurs cries,—"He that dares,
Is a traitor to his ain countrè."

And Glencairn, that ay was dowre † and stern,
Says,—"Where's the aith ye sware to me?
Gin ye speak to a man o' the Douglas clan,
A grey groat for thy crown and thee."—

When Kilspindie took haud ‡ o' the king's bridle reins,
He louted § low down on his knee;
The king a word he durstna speak,
But he looked on him wistfullie.

* *Wad in pawn,* set in pawr, wager.
† *Dowre,* inflexible.
‡ *Haud,* hold.
§ *Louted,* stooped.

He thocht on days that lang were gane,
  Till his heart was yearnin' and like to brast: *
As he turned him round, his baron's frowned;
  But Lindsay was dichtin' † his e'en fu' fast.

When he saw their looks, his proud heart rose,
  An' he tried to speak richt hauchtillie;—
"Gae tak my bridle frae that auld man's grip;
  What sorrow gars him haud it sae sickerlie."

An' he spurred his horse wi' gallant speed,
  But Archy followed him manfullie,
And, though cased in steel frae shoulder to heel,
  He was first o' a' his companie.

As they passed, he sat down on a stane in the yett,
  For a' his gray hair there was nae ither biel; ‡
The king staid the hindmost o' the train,
  And he aft looked back to his auld Gray Steel.

Archy wi' grief was quite fordone, §
  An' his arm fell weak that was anes like airn, ‖

* *Brast*, burst.
† *Dichtin'*, wiping,
‡ *Biel, bield*, shelter.
§ *Fordone*, void of strength.
‖ *Airn*, iron.

An' he sought for some cauld water to drink,
But they durstna for that dowre Glencairn.

Whan this was tald to our gracious king,
A redwood furious man woxe he;
He has ta'en the mazer* cup in his han',
And in flinders† a' he gart it flee:—
"Had I kend my Gray Steel wanted a drink,
He should ha'e had o' the red wine free.'

An' fu' sad at the table he sat him down,
An' he spak but ae word at the dine:—
"O I wish my warst fae were but a king,
Wi' as cruel counsellours as mine."

* *Mazer*, mapple-tree. † *Flinders*, fragments.

AULD WALTER.

"At this mean time the Earl of Douglas cast himself for to be stark against the king; and therefore sought and persuaded all men, under his opinion and servitude, and in special the gentlemen of Galloway, with Kyle, Carrick, and Cunningham, and all other parts that were near adjacent unto him, desiring them daily to ride and go with him, as his own houshold-men and servants, and to assist him in all things whatsomever he had ado, whether it was right or wrong, with the king or against him. But some other wise men seeing the danger appearing of the Earl of Douglas's proceedings contrary the

king and his authority, therefore would not assist him, nor take part with him, nor ride nor gang with him, nor be his man. Among the rest of thir there was one called Maclellan, who was tutor of Bomby for the time, and sister's son to Sir Patrick Gray, who was master of Gray, and principal servitor to the king, and captain of his guard. This Maclellan, for love he bore to the king's grace, and to the ministration of justice, would, on no ways, serve and ride with the Earl of Douglas, contrary the king and his authority, nor yet to oppress the commonwealth of the country, but kept him quietly within his bounds, doing no man wrong. The Earl of Douglas seeing this, that this man would not serve him as he desired, came hastily unto his house with a great number of men, and sieged it, and wan it, and took him out of the same, and had him to the castle of Douglas, and cast him there in strait prison. His friends seeing this, passed to the court to Sir Patrick

Gray, to show him the manner thereof, how it stood with his sister's son. The which when Sir Patrick Gray heard the novels, he was heavily displeased at the matter, and passed hastily to the king, and shewed him the manner how it stood with his sister's son; desiring the king's grace for to deliver him his sister's son, which the Earl of Douglas had in captivity and prison for the time. The king granted very thankfully the same, and caused write a sweet letter of supplication to the Earl of Douglas, for to deliver the tutor of Bomby to the said Sir Patrick Gray.

"This writing being subscribed and signeted with the king's signet, thereafter delivered to Sir Patrick Gray, to use the same as he thought cause; who passed hastily, with the said writing and supplication of the king, to the Earl of Douglas, who was then in the castle of Douglas, for the time, sitting at his dinner; and hearing told that Sir Patrick Gray, the king's

familiar servant, was lighted at the gate, the earl marvelled much at the matter, what that should mean, and caused incontinent draw the boards, and rose and met the said Sir Patrick, with great reverence and humility, because he was the king's principal captain, and secret servant, and familiar to his grace; therefore the earl received him with more thanks: But all was under colour and deceit; for the earl had no favour to the king, nor to any of his familiars; yet he enquired at the said Patrick, if he had dined; who answered, he had not. Then the Earl of Douglas said, there was no talk to be had betwixt a full man and a fasting; therefore you shall dine, and we shall talk together at length.

"In this mean time Sir Patrick Gray sat down to his dinner, and the earl treated him, and made him good chear, whereof Sir Patrick Gray was well contented, believing all things to succeed well thereafter. But the Earl of Dou-

glas, on the other part, took a suspicion and conjecture what Sir Patrick Gray's commission was, and dreading the desire thereof should be for his friend, the tutor of Bomby; therefore, in the mean time, when they were at the dinner, talking of merry matters, the earl caused quietly take forth the tutor of Bomby out of prison, and have him to the green, and there struck off his head, and took the same away from him, and syne covered a fair cloth on his body, that nothing might be seen of that treasonable act that was done.

"In this mean time, when dinner was done, Sir Patrick Gray presented the king's writing unto the earl, who reverently received it; and, when he had read it, and considered the effect thereof, he gave great thanks to Sir Patrick Gray, saying, 'he was beholden to him, that brought so familiar a writing from his prince to him, considering how it stood between them at that time; and as to the desire and supplica-

tion, it should be thankfully granted to the king; and the rather for Sir Patrick's sake.' And took him by the hand, and led him forth to the green, where the gentleman was lying dead, and shewed him the manner, and said, 'Sir Patrick, you are come a little too late; but yonder is your sister's son lying, but he wants the head. Take his body, and do with it what you will.' Sir Patrick answered again, with a sore heart, and said, 'My lord, if ye have taken from him his head, dispone upon the body as ye please.' And with that called for his horse, and leaped thereon; and when he was on horseback, he said to the earl on this manner, 'My lord, if I live, you shall be rewarded for your labours, that you have used at this time, according to your demerits.'

"At this saying, the earl was highly offended, and cried for horse. Sir Patrick, seeing the earl's fury, spurred his horse; but he was chased near to Edinburgh ere they left him; and had

it not been his led horse was so tried and good, he had been taken. But when thir news came to the king, he was heavily discontented therewith, both of the slaughter, then of the chasing of his servant. To that effect the king called his secret council to advise hereupon, what was best to be done for to danton this wicked man, that could no ways be stenched from reif, oppression, and slaughter, both of great men and small. The council advised and concluded, that it was best to flatter him, and to bring him in to the council by fair heights and promises; and, in the mean time, to punish him according to his demerit. So the king made him to forget all faults and enormities done by the Earl of Douglas in times bypast, desiring nothing of him, but that he would be a good man in time coming; and, for that cause, desiring him affectuously to come to the council, making him sure, with all promises, that he should be safely pardoned. Some say he got the great

seal thereunto, ere he would grant to come to the king.

"Then the Earl of Douglas came at the king's commandment to Stirling, where he was well received and entertained by the king, who thereafter called him to the supper, and banquetted him very royally, thinking, that if it might be possible, either with gentleness or good deed, to withdraw him from his attempts that he purposed to do. At the last, after supper, the king called the Earl of Douglas to a secret chamber, and put all men aside, except so many as were upon the secret council, and his own guard; and there said to him very meekly and gently, as it had been a sober offence that was yet committed, 'It is given me to understand, my lord,' says the king, 'that there is betwixt you and the Earl of Crawford, and some other nobles, some band and confederation made. I pray you therefore to break such bands, leagues, and societies, that are not wont to be within a

realm under one prince, by his authority and command; and that ye would be so good as to remove all such occasion as may cause the subjects of this realm to take suspicion of your evil mind toward me. As to myself, I know no evil, nor believe none of you; yet it is very unseeming to do any such things as are not consonant to the laws of this realm, and pleasure of the king's lieges: For doubtless it cannot be without great slander of the people, nor yet without the prince's hatred, to commit such things as shall cause the people live without order, through evil example; by the whilk the realm shall be evil abused by every man, even as they were a people without law or justice.'

"This being said, with many other pleasant words, which are impossible to rehearse, the Earl of Douglas, nothing moved with the king's humanity, answered again very pridefully, saying, 'That he could not break the band that was made, nor would he discharge the same for

no man's sayings; and that for the great offences the king had done to him;' reproaching the king very arrogantly, that he had reproved him of all his offences: Yet, notwithstanding of his proud answer, the king exhorted him to do nothing that was degenerate from the nobility of his forebeers; for that was very wicked that he had begun, and was a sufficient cause to tyne his life, lands, and goods, and deserving forfaultry, and his memory to be abolished and stramped forth for ever. At the last, the king seeing that he could not prevail with fairness, and also dreading, that, through so prideful answers, worse should have followed thereupon than was bruited of before, unless hasty remeid were found; and so he took a high anger, and thought to do the thing that was less skaith to the commonwealth, than to trouble the whole realm therewith; and so he pulled forth a sword, and said, 'I see well, my lord, my prayer cannot prevail to cause you desist from your wicked

counsel and enterprizes, I shall cause all your wicked conspiracies to cease.' Thereafter immediately he struck him through the body with the sword; and thereafter the guard, hearing the tumult within the chamber, rushed in, and slew the earl out of hand. This slaughter was in the year of God, one thousand four hundred and fifty-two, the twentieth day of February: which is to be lamented, that a prince should be so tempted by his own subjects, after so many godly and wise exhortations.

" At this time there was, in the town of Stirling, many of the Earl of Douglas's friends, with his brother James, the Earl of Murray, the Earl of Ormond, the Lord Balveny, the Knight of Cadyow, James Hamilton, a man of great estimation among the nobles of the realm, with many other great gentlemen, very potent both of riches and friends. Thir gentlemen, how soon word came to them, that the earl was slain, they remained there that night, and upon

the morn, they put James Douglas in his brother's place, as was ordained by the earl before; who made a long harangue and exhortation to his friends to siege the castle, and to revenge the unworthy slaughter of his brother with the king's life. But when they saw it was impossible to do, seeing they had no munition fitting for this effect, the castle being so strong, they gave the king very contumelious words, saying, 'That they should never obey, nor know him again as a king or prince, but should be revenged upon him and his cruel tyranny, or ever they ceased."—LINDSAY of PITSCOTTIE's *History of Scotland.*

AULD WALTER.

"O, many a sun," said an auld grey carle,*
"Has in my day risen an' gane down,
But a redder, I trow, I never saw,
Than the ane that's settin' ahint† the town.

"An' the westlin' sky, sae braid an' wide,
It scauds like a fire-flaught‡ my auld e'e;
An' Stirling towers I hardly ken,
They look like some wark o' glamoury.§

* *Carle, churl,* man. † *Ahint,* behind.
‡ *Scauds like a fire-flaught,* scorches like lightning.
§ *Glamoury,* magical delusion.

"There was just sic anither gaed down i' the west,
An' the sky was covered wi' that same stain,
An' Hermitage was as eerie* to see,
The night that Lord William at Embro' was slain.

"I'm auld, its true,—an' when I'm wae,
I'm ay mair frichted† than need may be;
But I wish my young lord was in his ain ha',
An' me there to serve him on my knee."

"Deed‡ father, ye needna be sad nor wae,
For Lord Douglas ye ha'e richt little to fear;
For the strength o' a' the Border side
Marched in the day beneath his spear.

"Ye saw how their steeds they brankingly§ rode,
And in mid-way speed how they made them turn;
A gallanter sight nae man might see,
As we came in by Bannockburn.

"By the foremost man o' every clan
His chieftain's crest was born on hie;
But the Douglas Heart was ay in the van,
And was carried fu' gallantlie.

* *Eerie*, fearful.
† *Frichted*, afraid.
‡ *Deed*, indeed.
§ *Brankingly*, proudly.

" A' Ettrick forest rang wi' the din
As on Galeswood haugh * our steeds did spurn;
Nae sic weapon schaw saw the trysting tree,
Since Lord James rode out to Otterburn."—

" O its no their open dealings I fear;
A' Scotland could ne'er put the Douglasses down:
Had our lord in his hand but a burly brand, †
He could redd ‡ the half o' Stirling town."—

" Then what need ye fear gin its no open weir, §
For I left them a' merrily drinking the wine;
An' atween the king an' Douglas in fere ||
There was birled many a gay propine. **

" And lordings all, who sat in hall,
Staunched feuds an' broils ay frae this day;
The king's last word, as I served at board,
Was,—*Here's to the Lady of Galloway.*"

* *Haugh*, low lying ground beside a stream.
† *Burly brand*, strong sword.
‡ *Redd*, *rid*, clear.
§ *Weir*, war.
|| *In fere*, together.
** *i. e.* Many challenges to drink passed between them.

They ceased, and auld Walter breathed a prayer,
  And sained * him wi' the holy rood, †
As he looked up to the tower on hie,
  Where Earl Douglas lay with his yeomen good.

An' for a' his son could say or do,
  At rest auld Walter wadna be;
An' his heart misgied ‡ him at every sound,
  An' he shook when the leaf fell aff the tree.

But baith, I trow, stood like the stane,
  When an unco § murmur cam down the dale,
And a voice outowre || the battlement cried,—
  "To horse, to horse, for Liddesdale!"

An' lichts were waverin' on the wa',
  An' shrieks raise loud, and again were still;
When strait they saw Lord Douglases page
  Come rinin' down the side o' the hill.

"And O flie, auld Walter!" loud he cried;
  "O haste, to some place o' shelter rin!

* *Sained*, blessed.
† *Rood*, cross.
‡ *Misgied*, misgave.
§ *Unco*, uncouth, strange.
|| *Outowre*, over.

For treachery has drowned that castle in blood,
And our lord is murdered an' a' his kin;
And we'll soon be sleepin' wi' the lave,*
Gin we dinna to a refuge win."—

" O I downa gae," † said auld Walter;
" I had liefer ‡ sleep wi' my lord that's slain;
Wi' eild an' care I can do nae mair,
An' I care for naething since he is gane.

" But gin I could do as I ha'e done,
I wad wreak the death o' my dear lord;
But, alas! I maun lie in a fremmit § grave,
And my son for me maun wield my sword.

" Now lay me straight, wi' my feet at the stream,
An' my head on that stane wi' lichen gray,
An' I'll try to think I'm at Ettrick burn,
Wi' my head restin' on Ettrick brae."

* *The lave*, the rest.
† *Downa gae*, am not able to go.
‡ *Liefer*, rather.
§ *Fremmit*, strange.

NOTES

ON

AULD WALTER.

But the Douglas Heart.—P. 150. v. 5.

King Robert the Bruce, shortly before his dissolution, enjoined Lord Douglas, usually called the good Sir James, the faithful companion of his fortunes; to carry his heart after his death into the Holy Land, and to bury it near the Holy Grave. Hence a heart became the crest of the family of Douglas.

Nae sic weapon schaw, &c.—P. 151. v. 1.

It was the custom with great barons to hold their weapon shaws, or musters, under some well known tree, called the trysting-tree, because trysts or appointments were held there. In a *Lytell Geste*, Robin Hood exclaims,

> "And welcome be thou, gentill knyghte,
> Under my trystell tree."

The word frequently occurs, in other shapes, in the songs of this outlaw.

Here's to the Lady of Galloway.—P. 151, v. 4.

Beatrix Douglas, wife of Lord Douglas: before her marriage she was called the Fair Maiden of Galloway.

THE

WEE WEE MAN.

This singular fragment is printed here, that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing it with the following poem. It was first published in Herd's Collection, and seems to have been taken from the recitation of some one, who fortunately gave it as it had come down to him, without attempting to alter what he did not understand. In stanza 2. *shathmont* has been explained a measure of six inches in length, or the fist with the thumb turned up; and various etymologies have been proposed.

It appears to me to be a relick of the Celtic language in the Lowlands, and still to exist, in a varied form, in one of its dialects; the Bretonne, *scalf*, at least, is thus explained by Pelletier:—"Separation de tout ce qui se divise en forme de fourche. *Scalf au dorn*, separation du pouce d'avec les autres doigts, mot à mot, separation de la main." It is in vain to guess at the meaning of *thimber*, in the same stanza; but I believe that *thick* should be *thight*, *i. e.* well-compacted; an old word. See COLE'S *Dictionary*.

It is proper to add, that the air to which the fragment is sung is very beautiful, and still popular. If this (and I see no reason for doubt) be contemporary with the original poem, it is perhaps the most ancient of our legendary tunes.

THE

WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking all alane
  Between a water and a wa',
And there I spyed a wee wee * man,
  And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length,
  And thick and thimber was his thigh;
Between his brows there was a span,
  And between his shoulders there was three.

* *Wee wee*, very little.

He took up a meikle stane,
And he flang't as far as I could see;
Though I had been a Wallace wight,
I coudna liften't to my knee.

"O, wee wee man, but thou be strong!
O tell me where thy dwelling be?"
"My dwelling's down by yon bonny bower,
O will you go with me and see?"

On we lap,* and awa' we rade,†
Till we came to yon bonny green;
We lighted down to bate our horse,
And out there came a lady fine.

Four-and-twenty at her back,
And they were a' clad out in green;
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The warst‡ o' them might hae been his queen.

On we lap, and awa' we rade,
Till we came to yon bonny ha',
Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

* *Lap*, leapt. † *Rade*, rode.
‡ *Warst*, meanest.

When we came to the stair foot,
  Ladies were dancing jimp § and sma';
But in the twinkling of an ee,
  My wee wee man was clean awa.

* *Jimp*, slender.

ALS Y YOD ON AY MOUNDAY.

THE reader is here presented with a very curious and ancient poem, copied from the Cotton MSS. in the British Museum.* (Julius A. V. 9.) It is thus entered in the catalogue, "Verses in old English, seemingly a prophecy of some battle between the English and Scots."

It seems, at one time, to have been intended for publication by the late Mr Ritson; but the editor has been unable to discover that he ac-

*The editor, however, had been previously furnished with a transcript by Mr Scott.

tually prepared it for the press. "There is one song," says he, "or rather the fragment of one, which seems to merit particular attention, from a singular evidence of its origin and antiquity: it is inserted in the present collection, under the title of *The wee wee Man,* and begins,—

"As I was walking all alone."

The original of this song is extant in a Scottish or Northumbrian poem, of Edward the First or Second's time, preserved in the British Museum, and intended to be one day given to the public. The two pieces will be found to afford a curious proof, how poetry is preserved for a succession of ages by mere tradition; for though the imagery, or description, is nearly the same, the words are altogether different; nor, had the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer been preserved to the present time, in the same manner, would there have remained one single word which had fallen from the pen of that venerable bard; they

would have been as completely, though not quite so elegantly, modernized as they are by Dryden and Pope: and yet it is pretended, that the Poems of Ossian have been preserved immaculate for more than a thousand years."—*Historical Essay on Scottish Song*, p. lxxxii.

Although there is, no doubt, much truth in these observations, yet I cannot help observing that the original of *The wee wee Man*, in comparison of historical poems, was particularly liable to corruption; because its only interest arose from its wild character, which is faithfully preserved in the fragment. The Northumbrian poet laboured the detailed description of the supernatural appearance of his prophet, to give more weight to his prophecy. The only object of the Scotch reciter was from its wildness.

There are other circumstances, too, which ought to be weighed, before we admit the corruptions which this poem has undergone, in the course of tradition, to be a criterion of the

changes which were likely to affect the legendary strains of the Highland senachies. It was not stamped with the name of a great national poet, and therefore sacred to the reciter; it was not a popular poem on a favourite hero; it was not a narrative song, full of heroic events; it was not a national poem; and therefore it was not guarded from change by numerous traditionary comments; nor did the same spirit, that suggested the sentiments to the poet, exist in the breasts of his hearers; to give them a warm reception, and to keep them there. A more accurate view of the alterations of tradition might perhaps be procured from comparing two copies of a popular poem from different parts of the country; only recollecting, that, if they differ totally, there may have been two poems on the subject originally; and even this would not give a fair view of tradition, such as it was in a ruder age: for many of the causes I have mentioned have either ceased to exist,

or have operated very feebly for some time in the Lowlands, so that the Lowland traditions offer no sort of image of what the Highland traditions were fifty years ago. I do not defend M'Pherson's Ossian, but I think the evidence altogether extremely defective on both sides.

ALS Y YOD ON AY MOUNDAY.

I.

Als Y yod on ay Mounday
  Bytwene Wyltinden and Wall,
The ane after brade way,
  Ay litel man Y mette with alle,
The leste yat ever Y sathe to say,
  Oither in bowr, oither in halle;
His robe was noither grene na gray,
  Bot alle yt was of riche palle.

II.

On me he cald, and bad me bide;
Wel stille Y stode ay litil space:
Fra Lanchestre the parke syde
Yeen he come wel fair his pase.
He hailsed me with mikel pride;
Ic haved wel mykel ferly wat he was;
I saide,—" Wel mote the betyde,
That litel man with large face."

III.

I beheld that litel man
Bi the strete als we gon gae,
His berd was syde ay large span,
And glided als the fether of pae;
His heved was wyte als ony swan,
His hegehen was gret and grai als so;
Brues lange, wel I the can,
Merk it to fize inches and mae;

IV.

Armes scort, for sothe I saye,
Ay span seemed thaem to bee;
Handes brade vytouten nay,
And fingeres lange he scheued me.
Ay stane he tok op thar it lay,
And castit forth that I moth see;
Ay merk-soot of large way
Bifore me strides he castit three.

V.

Wel stille I stod als did the stane,
To loke him on thouth me nouth lang;
His robe was alle gold begane,
Wel crustlike maked I understande;
Botones asurd everlk ane,
Fra his elbouthe ontil his hande;
Clidelik man was he nane,
That in myn hert ich onderstande.

VI.

Til him I sayde ful sone on ane,
For forthirmar I wald him fraine:
" Glalli wild I wit thi name,
And I wist wat me mouthe gaine;
Thou ert so litel of fleshe and bane,
And so mikel of mith and mayne,
War vones thou, litel man, at hame,
Wit of thee I wald ful faine?"

VII.

" Thoth I be litel and lith,
Am Y noth wyt outen wane,
Ferli frained thou wat hi hith,
That thou salt noth with my name;
My wonige stede ful wel es dygh,
Nou sone thou salt se at hame."
Til him I sayde, " For Godes mith,
Let me forth myn erand gane."

VIII.

"The thar noth of thin erand lette,
Thouth thou come ay stonde wit me,
For ther salt thou noth bi sette
Bi miles twa noyther bi three."
Na linger durst I for him lette,
But forth Y funded wyt that free,
Stintid vs brok no beck,
Ferlich me thouth hu so mouth bee.

IX.

He vent forth, als Y you say,
In at ay yate Y vnderstande,
In til ay yate wvnd outen nay,
It to se south me nouth lang.
The bankers on the binkes lay,
And fair lordes sett Y fonde;
In ilka ay hirn Y herd ay lay,
And leuedys soth meloude sange.

X.

Lithe bothe zonge and alde,
Of ay worde Y will you saye,
Ay litel tale that we was tald
Erli on ay Wedenesdaye:
A mody barn that was ful bald,
My frend that Y frained aye,
Al my gesing he me tald,
And galid me als we went bi waye.

XI.

" Miri man, that es so wyth,
Of ay thing gif me answere;
For him that mensked man wyt mith,
Wat sal worth of this were?
And eke our folke hou sal thai fare,
That at ere bi northern nou;
Sal thai haue any contre thare,
Other wether hande stil have the prou?"

XII.

" Ay toupe," he sayde, " es redy thare,
Agayn him yitt es nane that don,
On yon dealf Humbre es ay bare,
Be he sped sal sides son.
Bi he haue sped als sal thai sped,
And redi gates on to fare,
And man be mensked for his mede,
And stable stat for ever mare.

XIII.

" And sethen thou fraines Y wille the say,
And sette thi state in stabilite;
By mittereth als thou may,
For ay skill Y tell it the;
And warn em wel wyt outen nay,
A tyme bifore the Trinite,
Thare sal deye on ay day
A folke on feld ful fa sal flee.

XIV.

" Wa so flees sal duelle in care,
For thare may na man time tyde;
A toupe sal stande agayne a bare,
He is ful bald him dar habide."
" Miri man, Y prai thee, gif thou may,
Yif that thi wille ware,
Bathe thair names thou me saye,
Wat hate the toupe, and wat the bare?"

XV.

An he sayde outen nay,—
" Hate the tane, trow thou my lare,
Ar thou may that other say
That sal be falden wyt that fare;
The wiser es Y noth of that."
" Miri man, wat may ythis be?"
" Now have Y sayde the wat thay hat."
" Father, wites thou noth for me?"

XVI.

" So lange lebard loues the layke,
Wat he on sped your sped ye spille,
And latees the lion haue his raike,
Wit werke in werdlals he wille.
The bare is bonden hard in baite,
Wit foles that wil folies fille;
The toupe in toune your werkes wayte,
To bald his folke he bides stille.

XVII.

" Bide wa bide he sal habide,
Thar foles for thair false fare,
Fa fra feld yeen sal ryde
The land sal leue wit the bar."
" Forthermar Y wille the frein,
Mi frend, yif that thi will ware;
Sal Y telle it forth or layn,
Or thou sal telle me any mare."

XVIII.

" By mith reeth als Y the sayn,
Als sal thou redi findit thare,
And fel be of thi tithinges fain,
Wen liues liggen on holtes hare;
Bot oute sal ride a chiuaüche,
Wit febel fare on ay nith;
So false sal thaire waytes be,
That deye sal many a dougty knyth.

XIX.

" Knith and scoyer bathe sal deye,
That other moren biyond ma,
Thouche thay be neuer so sleech,
Wyt schrogen suet fra lives ga.
The bare es bone to tyne the toure,
Bot bald sal be of bataile swa;
Wa bides him on hard and herch,
That day sal deye and duelle in wa.

XX.

" Wyt foles sal the fold be leest;
A people liest fol negh bi side
Sal come out of the souther west,
Wyt reken routes ful on ride:
Thare sal the foles dreeg is paine,
And folie for his false fare,
Lie opon the feld slayne,
And lose his liue for evermare.

XXI.

" And wyt sal wine the land agayn,
A day fra Clide onto Clare,
And fa be of their frendes fain,
And toures stand als thai did are;
And simple men that wil haue dede
Thair sal thai ful redi finde,
That mester affe to wynne theem mede,
For faute sal noth stande bi hinde.

XXII.

" The bare es brouth out of his denne,
The lepard haldes hym so lange,
That we wate neuer swa ne swenne,
Na wilk of them sal weld the land.
Amange ay hondre no fynd Y tenne
That thai ne fald als a wande,
By reson may thou knaw and kenne,
That be ful fele has wroth alle wrang.

XXIII.

" Wrangwis werkes sul men se
Be flemed for thair fals wylles,
And after them sal wip ay be,
And outemout of all thair wyles.'
" Miri man, Y beseke the, yif that thi wille ware,
Of a tything telle me mare,
Hou hendes alle ys folke to yere?
Suilk qualme no saith Y neuer are.

XXIV.

" So comeli so men deyen here
Pouer na riche es nane to spare."
" Lith," he sayd, " Y sal the lere,
Have thou no ferly of that fare:
For twenti souzand mot thou say,
That deyed to ther day on this half Twede,
Sal fall by you on ay day,
So liues lith sal alle that lede.

XXV.

" In my sathe, south Y say,
Herkens alle of a tyme,
That sal be after neue yers day,
Lat clerkes se the neexte prime;
The terme es werde, soeth to say,
And twoluees comen after nigne,
To led him forth a lange waye,
His wonyng stede es on yond alf Tyne.

XXVI.

" On southalf Tyne sal he wone,
Wyt you wel it sal be swa,
Fra suth sal blessed brether comen,
And dele the lande euen in twa.
Wen domes es do and on his dede
Sal na mercy be bisyde,
Na na man haue mercy for na mede,
Na in hope thair heuedes hide.

XXVII.

" Bot sottid sal be mani of stede,
For res that thai sal after ride,
And seen sal beaute falsed lede
In rapes sone after that tide.
Fra twa to three the lande es liest,
Bot nameli sal ic fur the twa,
The lion that is al fare to fexit
The lande til the bare sal ga."

XXVIII.

" Wel galli wald Y understande
To telle them hou so moxist be,
Welke of theem sald weld the land,
For wele thou spake of the three."

XXIX.

" A. T. beside an L. Y fonde,
Chese the seluen sege and see,
An cd the thred,
Wyt hope and hande the baillifs be;
Bot nou of theem hat loues the lede,
That es so bald that dar habide,
That theem ne sal reu, yif Y can rede,
On ay Friday on est half Clide:

XXX.

" For wel thai wen hour lande to winne,
To fele that may finde bi forin,

Thai sal ble blenked ar thai blinne,
  Thair folis that haues ben fortherin.
Many be dampned to daye thar inne,
  That riden hech wyt hond and horin,
Wen yong sal falle for ald synne,
  And lose the lyf and be forthorin.

XXXI.

" Wrange werkes will away,
  It sal be als God haues sette,
Of thair biginning can Y say:

XXXII.

" Sal na frend of other reue,
  Doughty sal daye on the feld,
To wyt theem be neuer so wa,
  And falsed under halles held
In frith sul men the foles ta.

XXXIII.

" Leaute men haues ben ful seld,
It sall be sett wyt merthes ma,
And marchant haue the werld to weld,
And capman wyt thair packes ga;
And than sal reson raike and ride,
And wisdome be ware es best,
And beaute sal gar leal habide,
And sithen sal hosbondmen af rest."

GLOSSARY

TO

ALS Y YOD ON AY MOUNDAY.

A.

Af, affe, have.

Agayne, against.

Al, alle, all.

Ald, alde, old; the word is still common in the northern counties of England.

Als, contracted for all as; *as, also;* in which last sense it is used by Chaucer.

Amange, among.

An, and.

And, if, Sax.; these two words are common to the ancient writers of both nations, and are still retained by the vulgar in Scotland.

Ane, one; 'the *ane* after brade waye,' the one next to the broad way. 'Til him I sayde ful sone *on ane;*' from the union of these is formed *anon,* immediately.

Ar, are, before; *ar,* also are. 'That *are* was blith,' L. Minot, that was joyful before.
Asurd, azured, blue. St. V.
Ay, aye, a.

B.

Bad, bade.
Baillifs, this was at one time an officer of great dignity:

> 'Sum *bailis* he made,
> And some he yof londes brade.'
> *Horn Childe.* See also *Minshew.*

Baite, strife; Minshew's *Dictionary.* Thus, in the *Squyr of Lowe Degree:* 'No *bate* on hym loke thou begyn,' see that you begin no strife with him. Mr Ritson omits the word in his Glossary.
Bald, bold, also to protect. St. XVI.
Bane, bone.
Bankers, cushions; *bankers browded,* embroidered cushions. Coles.
Bar, bare, boar.
Barn, originally child, Sax.; in an extended sense, person. 'A mody barn,' a courageous man; it is even applied to knights.
Bataile, battle.
Bathe, both.
Beaute, law. Thus in Piers *Plowman:* 'He doth well withoute doute, that doth as *beuti* techeth,' *Passus,* xii.

Beck, a small running water that issueth from some *bourne* or *well-spring.* Verstegan. Camden, in his *Reliques,* explains *bec, back,* and *beak,* a river. 'Stinted us brok no beck,' St. VIII. neither brook nor river stopped us. It is still met with in the topographical language of England, particularly in the north, as *troutbeck, hellbeck,* &c.

Berde, beard.

Beseke, beseech.

Bi, be, also by.

Bide, abide.

Bigane; Coles explains *begon,* decked:

> 'Aelc cniht hafde pal on,
> And mid golde bigon;'

Each knight had a pall on, (*i. e.* a mantle, or pall, simply,) and bordered with gold. Ellis. See also R. de la Rose, l. 943.

Binks, benches, Sax. The seat around the fire (which is usually in the middle of the house) in the cottages of the Scottish peasantry, is still called the *bink.* The writer of the statistical account of Lanark observes, that seats of turf, &c. at the doors of country houses, are called *binkes,* and derives the term from the Gaelic.

Bitide, betide.

Biyond, beyond; 'biyond ma,' besides more.

Blenked, injured. Milk is said to be *blenked* when it is turning sour.

Bone, ready, also gone, Sax.

Bot, but, also without.

Botones, buttons.

Bonden, bound.

Brade, broad. In *Hardiknute*, Vol. I. p. 38. insert the following explanation of *broad arrow*, from Ascham's *Toxophilus*: "The one (arrow) he calleth ὄγκινος, describinge it thus; having two pointes, or barbes, lokinge backeward to the stele and the feathers, which surelye we call, in Englishe, a broade arrowe head, or a swalowe tayle."

Brether, brethren.

Brok, brook, streamlet.

Brouth, brought.

Brues, brows. This plural is now out of use, but we still say, the space between the brows.

Bytween, between.

C.

Can, know; 'wel I the can,' I know it well. St. III.; or it may be a corruption of *wel ajthecan*, very smooth. Sax.

Castid, cast.

Capman, a pedlar. This is the earliest instance I have met in which *capman* does not mean a merchant; in which sense it was used down to the time of Shakespeare. It is also used for a merchant in *Anecdotes of Olave the Black*.

Chese, choose.

Chivauche, Fr. an expedition. The word is used by Chaucer in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Thus, in Scotch, *raid* is used for incursion.

Clerkes, properly ecclesiastics, afterwards learned men.

Clidelik, St. V. '*Clidelik* men was he nane,' is perhaps, he was not clad like men, in the usual fashion of men. In the romance of *Libeaus Disconus*, *clodeda* is used for clothed, or clad. Verstegan, in his little Glossary, interprets *eltheodisc-man*, an outlandish man, which may be the reading here.

Comeli, beautiful, gallant.

Comen, come.

Contre, assistance. See Colgrave's *Dictionary of old French*.

Crustlike, St. V. 'Wel *crustlike* make,' made with many plaits; from Teut. *kroesen*.

D.

Dampned, injured.

Dar, dare.

Daye, day, also die.

Dede, deed, also trespass.

Dele, deal.

Denne, a den.

Deye, *deyen*, die.

Do, done. *Do* is used as a preterite also by Chaucer, and in Ritson's Romances. See Glossary.

Domes, judgment; sentence pronounced by the *doomsman* or judge. 'The *doomsmen* he makes so blind.' Occleve, *Narratio de Domino Denario*.

Don, St. XII. perhaps a corruption of *dow*, or *dowen*, are able.

Dougty, *doughty*, valiant.

Dreeg, St. XX. 'There sal the foles *dreeg is* paine,' there shall the guilty suffer punishment; *dreeg*, Sax. endure; the form of drie is more common; *is their*, an inaccurate expression, but used nevertheless indifferently for *his*, *its*, &c. 'There his land on earth is peer,' *Land of Cokayn.*

Duelle, dwell.

E.

Edygh, for *ydigh* or *ydight*, prepared, ready. Thus, in *Ywaine and Gawin*: 'Forth tofer sone was I *dyght*.'

Eke, also.

Elbouth, elbow.

Ere, are.

Erli, early.

Es, is; frequently used for art or am. See St. XV.

Est, art, also east; *estalf*, east half, the half on the east side.

Everlk, every one.

F.

Fa, St. XIII. glad. *Fawe* is used with this meaning by Chaucer. In St. XXI. however, *fa* signifies many. *Fa*, Dan.

Fald, fold; '*Fald* als a wand,' bend like a wand.

Falsed, falsehood.

Fare, to go; the noun *fare*, ado, seems to be derived from Fr. *faire*.

Father, farther.
Faute, fault.
Febel, feeble; '*febel* fare,' sorry cheer.
Fel, *fele*, many.
Feld, field.
Ferly, wonder; *ferlich*, wonderful.
Filie, ' folies *fille*,' fill up the measure of folly.
Find, to go, to attempt; from *fond* or *found*.
Fize, five.
Flemed, daunted, Coles, rather banished; to *fleme*, to banish.
Flemer, a banisher.
Flesse, flesh.
Fold, earth, land, Sax. Thus, in *La bona Florence of Rome*: ' That fresche are (waters) upon *folde*,' that are cool, or fresh, on earth.
Fonde, found.
Forther, farther; *furthermar*, furthermore.
Forthering, *quasi*, furthering, assisting.
Forthorin, St. XXX. should perhaps be *forlorin*, forlorn, an error of the transcriber.
Fra, from.
Fraine, to question. ' Ferli *frained* thou wat hi hith,' thou didst question me in a strange manner what I hight, what my name was.
Free, noble; in St. VIII. it is used substantively.
Frith, a word of dubious meaning, sometimes applied to a wood, and at other times to a lawn surrounded with wood. It is commonly found united to such words as forest, field, fen, &c. in which case the compound term is meant to express the country in general.

Funded, went; from the verb *to found*. 'With my feres *funde*,' *Ywain and Gawin*, go with my companions. Mr Ritson has mistaken the meaning of the word here.

G.

Ga, goes.

Gae, gon gae, gan go, went. 'And to her chamber *gonne they go*,' *Morte Arthur*.

Gaine, suffice, get by it. 'To *gayne* hem,' to avail them, is used in the romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

Gallid, made me merry; from *gale*, to sing or laugh, regaled.

Galli, St. XXVIII. perhaps an error of the transcriber for *glalli*, gladly, as in St. VI.

Gates, ways.

Gesing, guessing.

Gif, if.

Glided, shone. '*Glided* als the fether of pae,' shone like the feather of a peacock.

Grai, grey.

Gret, great.

H.

Habide, abide.

Hailsed, embraced; from *hals*, Sc. the throat; threw the arms round the neck.

Haldes, holds, detains.

Halles, holes, hiding places. 'Under *halles* held,' conceal in hiding places. '*Hales* in the hall,' Ritson's Romances, Glossary, holes in the hall; *Held* is from *hyll*, to cover, Sax. '*Iheled* with purpur lys,' Rom. of Launfal, covered with purple, purple colour (lys). From this word is derived *hyllynges*, in the *Squyr of Low Degree*. In Wickliffe's *Wicket*, Oxon. 1612, *hylling* is used for apparel.

Hame, home.

Hande, hand, assistance, action. Hence, 'to bear a hand,' to lend assistance.

Hare, 'holtis *hare*.' The precise import of this phrase has been much disputed. *Holt* signifies, indifferently, either a hill or a wood, as innumerable passages might be cited to prove; but that *hare* is the same word with *hoar*, and denotes the bleak or withered appearance of these, is not quite so clear. I should rather be inclined to derive it from Isl. har, *altus*. A high rock in some of the northern counties of Scotland, where the dialect is strongly tinctured with Danish, is still called *Hair Craig*. Tuberville, in his Songs and Sonnets, 1567, has in a manner translated the word:

> 'Ye that frequent the hilles,
> And *highest* holtes of all.'

Pennycuik held certain lands by a strange tenure. He was obliged to mount a large stone or rock, and salute the king with three blasts of a horn whenever he passed that way: this rock or eminence was called *Hare Stane*. Maitland's *History of Edinburgh*, p. 506.

Hard and *herch*, St. XIX.
Hat, that.
Hate, hight, is called; *hi hith*, I am called.
Havede, had; *haves*, have.
Hech, high.
Heeghen, eyes.
Herd, heard.
Herkens, hearken.
Hert, heart.
Heved, head.
Hi, I.
Hirn, a corner. 'In ilk ay *hirn*,' in every corner. The word occurs in *Ywaine and Gawin*, line 3220.
Hond, hound.
Hondre, hundred.
Horin, horn.
Hour, our.
Hu, how.
Hym, him.

I.

Ic, *ick*, I.
Ilk, each.
Ilkay, each one, every.
In til, into, in at.

K.

Knawe, know.
Knith, knight.
Kenne, know. 'Knawe and *kenne*,' know very well; a redundant expression.

L.

Lange, long; *so lange*, as long as.
Lare, learning. 'Trow thou my *lare*,' believe my knowledge.
Lat, let; *lates*, lets.
Lay, usually a narrative poem; here, a poem set to music.
Layke, St. XVI. literally sport. Thus Minot:

> 'For, or thai wened, war thai mett
> With men that sone thaire *laykes* lett.'

Here, however, it means battle. *Gamon* has, in like manner, a double meaning, to sport or fight. So also the Greek χαεμα. This tendency to disguise in the expression, what would shock in its own name, is common to all ages and nations.
Layn, conceal. 'Luke now lely that thou *layn*,' *Ywaine and Gawin.*
Lat, let.
Leaute, law.

Leal, true; so also explain, in *Hardyknute*, 'Thy arrows schute sa *leil*.'

Lebard, leopard.

Lede, language, obliquely information.

Lede, *lead*.

Leest, lost.

Lere, learning; as *lare*, also to inform.

Lette, hinder, stop. 'Na linger durst I for him *lette*,' an uncommon construction for 'him forlette,' *i. e.* quit him. *Forlætan*, Sax.

Leve, leave.

Levedys, ladies.

Liest, joyful.

Liggen, lye.

Linger, longer.

Lith, listen, also little; 'litel and *lith*,' very little; or it may be limber. *Lith* is so explained in Grose's *Provincial Glossary*, and used by Milton.

Lives, leaves.

Loke, look.

M.

Ma, *mae*, mare, more.

Make, perhaps the line in St. V. should be thus read: 'Wel trustlike *make* I understande,' I make you understand, I inform you quite truly.

Marchant, merchant.

Mayn, strength.

Mede, recompense.

Meloude, melody.

Mensked, cleansed, made comely, obliquely redeemed. In Ritson's Romances, *menske* is used for decency. The word, with very little variation, is used in most of the vulgar dialects both of England and of Scotland. To *menske*, to grace, to decorate. Sibbald.

Merk soot, mark shot; the distance between the bow marks, a term of archery.

Mester, need.

Miri, usually in old poetry *merry*; here it would appear to signify wondrous, from Lat. It seems, however, in L. Minot, to be synonimous with brave; but the editor has omitted to notice the word: 'A *mery* man, Sir Robard, out of Morlay,' p. 10. See also *Ywayne and Gawin*, line 3471. In *Horn Childe*, it seems simply to mean great: '*Muri* men of mold,' great men of earth. The u in the word should have been marked ü, as in garü: "u twice dotted is pronounced like i."

Mirthes, mirths, sports.

Mith, *mittes*, might, mighty (see Reeth).

Mody, courageous, L. Minot; from *moed*, Teut. *animus*. So also explain '*mudi* men,' in the ballad of *Edom o' Gordon*. The phrase 'Menged al the mode,' *Ywaine and Gawin*, line 3701, signifies dissipated all the courage; from Teut. *meengen* and *moed*. Ritson leaves it unexplained.

Moren, morrow, morning.

Mote, *moth*, *mouth*, might.

Moxist, might this.

Myn, mine.

N.

Na, no, nor.
Nane, none.
Nay, wytouten nay, withouten no, truly.
Negh, nigh.
Neext, next.
Nigne, nine.
Nith, night.
Noither, neither.
Northen, binorthen, in the north.
Noth, nouth, not.

O.

Oither, either, or.
On. See *ane*.
Onderstonde, understand.
Ony, any.
Other, other wether, which of the two. So whether is used by Chaucer.
Outement, oust them.

P.

Palle, pall, (Lat. *Pallium*,) cloth used for mantles of state, and frequently the mantles themselves.

Pase, pace.
Pover, Fr. poor.
Prai, pray, entreat.
Prime, the first hour of the day.
Prou, Fr. profit, advantage.

Q.

Qualme, Sax. sickness. I suspect it is at root the same word as *talme*, which Mr Ritson has not explained. 'Her fadur were hand can *talme*.' A sudden fit of sickness is still in Scotland called a *dwalm*.

R.

Raike, Sax. walk, range about. To '*raike* and ryde,' to go at large, *spatiari*.
Rapes, ropes.
Redi, *redy*, ready.
Reken, *reken routes*, companies coming hastily. See Ritson's Romances. *Reyked rout*, a company.
Reeth, counsel; *mittes reeth*, mighty counsel.
Res, an assault, a forcible inroad. The word continued to be used to the days of Hollinshed; 'With great assurance they (sleuth hounds) will make a *raise* upon him,' C. VIII.
Reson, reason; *by reson*, on which account.
Reue, rue.

Ride, on ride, unride, unrighteous, Sax. 'The Soudan gederet an ost *unride.*' *The Kyng of Tars.*
Riden, that riden, who ride.
Riche, rich.

S.

Sal, shall, *salt,* shalt.
Sathe, sooth, truth; '*sayth* to saye,' truth to tell.
Sayn, say. 'Until a terme that I sal *sayn,*' *Ywaine and Gawin,* until a time that I shall say (*set*); also tell. 'She *sayis* hem,' *Auenture of Sir Gawane,* she tells them.
Scheued, shewed.
Scort, short.
Schrogen, shrieking; perhaps from *scrog.* Isl. See *Anecdotes of Olave the Black,* p. 30.
Scoyer, squire.
Seen, soon.
Selven, self; *the selven,* thyself.
Sethen, since.
Sette, put, placed.
Simple, innocent.
Skille, reason.
Slecche, sly. In Ritson's Romances, the word is *sclegh.*
So lives, whoso lives.
Son, soon.
Soth, sothe, truth, also sweet, agreeable.
Southalf, south half, the half on the south side.
Souther, in a southerly direction.

Sottid, fooled. '*Sottid* sal be mone of stede,' many a one shall be fooled out of his horse.

Souzand, a thousand.

Stan, stone.

Stede, place (of habitation).

Stode, stood.

Stonde, space of time; 'ay litel *stonde*,' a short space.

Stinted. See *Beck*.

Strete, a kind of road in the country; the nature of which may be collected from the following lines in *Ywaine and Gawin*:

> 'In a frith I fand a *streete*,
> Ful thik and hard, I you behete,
> With thornes, breres, and mony a quyn,
> Her hand al day I rade thare-yn,
> And thurgh I past with mekyl payn,
> Then come I sone into a playn.'

The Roman military ways were called streets, as Watling-street, Erming-street, &c. They long retained their names, and similar roads were perhaps called streets in imitation of them.

Suet, life, literally blood, Sax.

Suilk, such like.

Sul, shall.

Swa, so.

Swenne, dream; 'wate ne *swenne*,' know nor dream.

Syde, side, also low; 'herde was *syde*,' beard hung low.

Syne, auld syne, former times, or it may be ancient trespass.

T.

Ta, take.
Tald, told.
Tha, the, that.
Thai, they.
Thair, their.
Thar, their, there.
The, *the thar*, thou art.
Theem, *thaem*, them.
Thi, thy.
Thouch, *thoth*, though.
Thouth, thought.
Thred, third.
Til, to, until.
Tithings, *tythings*, tidings.
Tok, took.
Toupe, a ram.
Trou, *trow*, believe.
Twa, two.
Tyde, betide.
Tyme, time.
Tyne, lose; *tynt*, lost.

V.

Vent, went.
Vones, dwellest.
Vyt, with; *vytouten*, without.

W.

Wa, woe, woeful.
Wane, dwelling.
Wande, wand.
Wald, would.
War, *ware*, where, were.
Wat, what.
Wate, wot, know.
Wayte, wighte, stout; *waytes*, wights; *wayte*, Stanza XVI. watches.
Wel, well, also very. Thus, in an elegiac poem on the death of Edward I. ‘ *Wel* longe we may clape and cry,’ we may very long call and cry. Dr Percy, however, prints it erroneously, ‘ *Wel !* longe,’ &c. *Wel sone*, very soon, occurs in *Horn Childe*.
Weld, Sax. wield, rule.
Welke, (Sc. whilk,) which of the two.
Wen, when.
Were, war.
Werk, work, perform; *werkes*, works.
Werdlals, St. XVI.
Werld, world.
Wil, *wille*, will.
Wild, would.
Wine, win.
Wip, whip, scourge. ‘ After them sal *wip* ay be,’ a scourge will always go after them; if, indeed *wip* be not an error

in the MS. for *wit*, as in St. XXI. ‘ And *wyt* sal wine the land agayn.’

Wit, know; *wit*, with; *wites*, knowest.

Wist, knew; ‘ and I *wist*,’ if I knew.

Wone, dwelling.

Wonige-stede, place of abode. The word occurs in the ancient Scottish romance of the *Auntre of Gawin*, ‘ In my *wonyng-stid* in wo for to dwelle.’

Worth, become. ‘ Wat sal worth of this were,’ how this war shall end. Chaucer uses the word in the *Comp of Mars*: ‘ He wende anon to *worth* out of his mynd.’

Wrang, wrong, evil.

Wrangeuis, wrong.

Wroth. See *Worth*. ‘ Has *wroth* alle wrange,’ all evil has arisen.

Wund, with.

Wylles, wiles.

Wynne, win.

Wyt, wit, also blame.

Wyth, with.

Y.

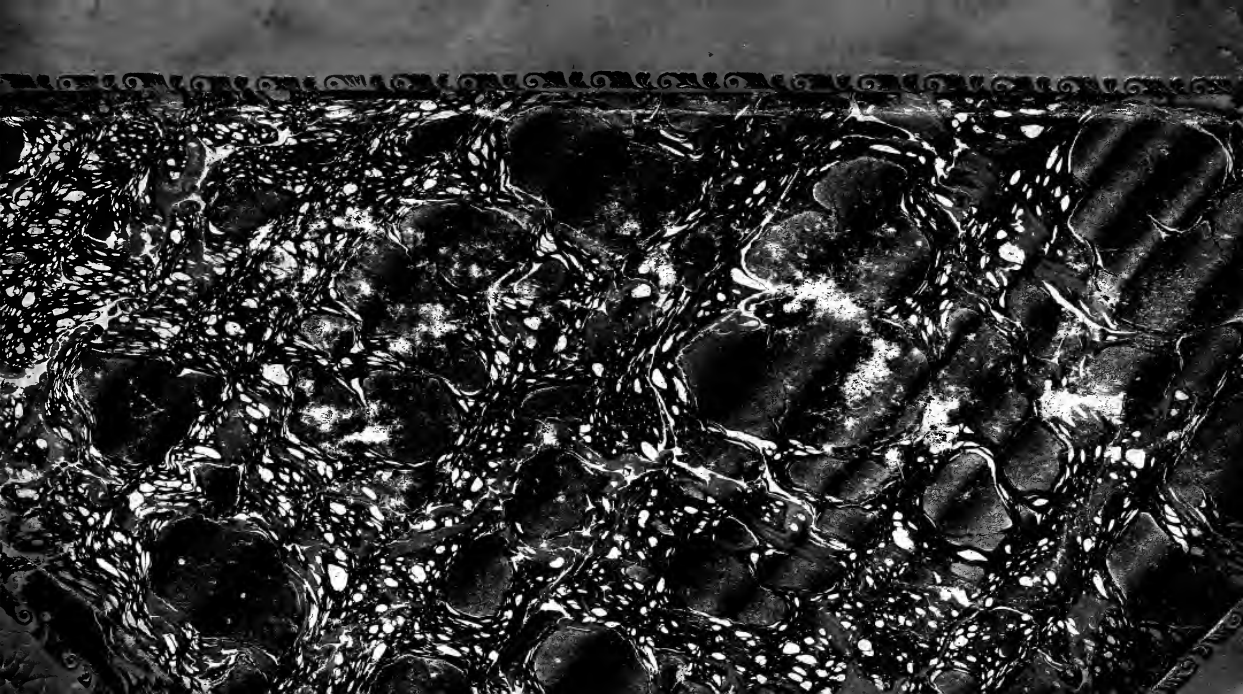
Y, I.

Yat, that.

Yate, gate.

Yeen. ‘ *Yeen* he come,’ he nearly came.

Yene, nigh. Coles.

Yere, year; *to yere*, this year. See Tyrrwhit's Glossary to Chaucer.
Yif, if.
Yit, yet.
Yond, yon; *yond alf*, yon half.
Yonge, young.
Ys, is; 'the wiser *ys* i,' the wiser am I.
Yt, it.

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